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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Vow of the Peacock, and other Poems. By L. E. L., Author of the "Improvvisatrice," the "Golden Violet," &c. 12mo. pp. 352. London, 1835. Saunders and Otley.

PSEUDO-UTILITARIANS tell us that the love of poetry is over; and that, under their auspices, the human kind have become a mere shrewd, calculating, sordid, work-a-day race. That to toil, and to spin, to draw water, and cleave wood, to gather and amass, to drudge and hoard, and never to enjoy, is the wisdom, the only wisdom, of life. We are ready to believe their doctrines when we shall be convinced that the love of gracefulness and beauty, the fine moral perception, the sense which gives a tear to sorrow, the noble enthusiasm awakened by illustrious deeds—when natural feeling, sympathy, generosity, and heroic aspiring, have all departed from among the children of men. And not till then.

In the mean time the appearance of the *Vow of the Peacock* will put the theory to the test. If its charms are generally despised, we shall hasten to enlist in the ranks of Utilitarianism, and try to forget that ever Imagination could impart a delight to the soul. If it fail to excite the same emotions and the same admiration, which have in all bygone ages rewarded the magic of song, we must become converts to the hypothesis that the world is changed, and that stocks and stones, in the automaton shape of human beings, have usurped the places hitherto occupied by creatures endowed with apprehension and passions.

"What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason! how infinite
In faculty! in form and moving
How express and admirable! in action
How like an angel! in apprehension
How like a god! the beauty of
The world! the paragon of animals!"

The idea of her poem, Miss Landon briefly states, "was taken from a picture by Mr. M'Clise, called the 'Vow of the Peacock,' exhibited this year at Somerset House. The fact of a lady in distress applying to some renowned knight for assistance, belongs as much to the history of chivalry as to its romance. Vows on the heron, the pheasant, and the peacock, to do some deed of arms, were common in the olden time. My story, founded on this picturesque custom, is entirely fanciful, though its scenes and manners are strictly historical."

The opening is worthy of, and appropriate to, the theme; contrasting the *present* with the *past* and *future*.

"The present! It is but a drop from the sea
In the mighty depths of eternity.
I love it not—it taketh its birth
Too near to the dull and the common earth.
It is worn with our wants, and steeped with our cares,
The dearest aspect of life it wears;
Its griefs are so fresh, its wrongs are so near,
That its evils of giant shape appear:
The curse of the serpent, the sweat of the brow,
Lie heavy on all things surrounding us now.
Filled with repining, and envy, and strife,
What is the present—the actual of life?
The actual! It is as the clay to the soul,
The working-day portion of life's wondrous whole!
How much it needeth the light and the air

To breathe their own being, the beautiful, there!
Like the soil that asks for the rain from the sky,
And the soft west wind that goes wandering by,
E'er the wonderful world within will arise,
And rejoice in the smile of the summer's soft eyes.

The present—the actual—were they our all—
Too heavy our burthen, too hopeless our thrall;
But heaven, that spreadeth o'er all its blue cope,
Hath given us memory,—hath given us hope!
And redeemeth the lot which the present hath cast,
By the fame of the future, the dream of the past.
The future! ah, there hath the spirit its home,
In its distance is written the glorious to come.
The great ones of earth lived but half for their day;
The grave was their altar, the far-off their way.
Step by step hath the mind its high empire won;
We live in the sunshine of what it hath done."

But the subject refers more exclusively to a past age, and the sweet powers of the writer are thrown pathetically over the realm of memory.

"The past! ah, we owe it a tenderer debt,
Heaven's own sweetest mercy is not to forget;
Its influence softens the present, and flings
A grace, like the ivy, wherever it clings.
Sad thoughts are its ministers—angels that keep
Their beauty to hallow the sorrows they weep.
The wrong, that seemed harsh to our earlier mood,
By long years with somewhat of love is subdued;—
The grief, that at first had no hope in its gloom,
Ah, flowers have at length sprung up over the tomb.
The heart hath its twilight, which softens the scene,
While memory recalls where the lovely hath been."

"Oh! world of sweet phantoms, how precious thou art!
The past is perpetual youth to the heart."

The story commences with the period

"When romance, excitement, strife,
Flung the picturesque o'er life!"

and M'Clise's splendid picture is as splendidly described. Miss Landon proceeds to frame her own ideal-historical legend upon it, as sung by a Minstrel to his Queen Caterina, who

"Knew the worth of quiet hours
Pass'd true and loving hearts among,
Whose history might be writ on flowers,
Or only chronicled in song."

Venice, in her hour of glorious dominion, receives two vessels; the one brilliant from a crowning victory, the other bearing Irene, the deposed Queen of Cyprus, who has escaped, and comes to seek the aid of a valiant knight, Leoni. On landing, she seeks refuge in a convent, and her night's repose is beautifully described.

"It was a mournful sight to see
That youthful brow lie down
Without its purple canopy,

Without its royal crown;

A rugged pallet which was laid
Upon the floor of stone—

Through whose dark chinks the night winds play'd

A death's head telling from the wall—

'Thy heart beats high—but this ends all!'

A crucifix, a pictured saint,

With thin worn lip and colours faint,

All whereon youth loves not to dwell,—

Were gathered in that gloomy cell."

"The youthful sleeper slumbering there,
With the pale moonlight in her hair;
Her child-like head upon her arm,
Cradling the soft cheek, rosy warm;
The sweet mouth opening like a flower,
Whose perfume fills the midnight hour;
Her white hands clasped, as if she kept
A vigil even while she slept;
Or, as her rest too long delaying,
Slumber stole over her while praying.
Yet this is not the dreamless sleep
That youth should know;—the still, the deep!
See, on her cheek th' unquiet red
A sudden crimson flush has shed!
And now it fades, as colours die,
While watching twilight's transient sky.
And now 'tis deadly pale in hue;

On the wan forehead stands the dew!
The small white hands are clenched and wrung.

She wakes! how wild a look is flung
From those blue eyes which, strange and wide,
Glance, like the deer's, from side to side!
She listens; but she cannot hear,
So loudly beats her heart with fear.
Gradual she knows the lonely cell—
She hears the midnight's bell;
She sees the moonlight on the pane,
And, weary, drops her head again."

Readily might M'Clise return the compliment paid to his pencil, and paint another picture from this graphic sketch. On the morrow Irene appeals to Leoni, and he chivalrously vows by the peacock to be her true, while, at the same time, he falls a willing victim to her regal charms. But the course of true love never did run smooth. A fair cousin has grown up with him, and under his protection; and upon her, Amenaide, Miss Landon has lavished all her natural tenderness and poetical feeling.

"She droops beneath her shrouding veil,
Her lip, her cheek, are touched with pale;
A fear hath entered at her heart,—
Take life, so that fear also part.
His ward and cousin she has grown
Within Leoni's halls;

A flower which no rude wind hath blown,
O'er which no shadow falls.

So gradual has the maiden sprung
To womanhood's sweet prime;

So soft the shadow round her flung
By that enchanted time,

That still she seems the child to be
Who wandered at his side,

Beneath the summer's greenwood tree,
And by the sea's blue tide;

And heaping treasure for her bower
Of singing shell and breathing flower.

But on her brow there is a shade
Scarcely for early April made;

But 'tis the heart that marks the hour;
And here, in passion and in power,

Has long outgrown the simple fears
And buoyant hopes of childhood's years.

Love gathereth knowledge."

"Upon her cheek a burning red,
But richly beautiful, is shed;

So kindles on the funeral pyre
The flame by perfume fed;

How few remember that sweet fire
Is rising o'er the dead.

And clouds grow crimson with the glow
Of the poor human dust below.

The light which that young cheek illumed
Came from all precious things consumed;

Hopes, dreams, ere those bright hues depart,
Sent from the ashes of the heart."

And,

"She, the youthful mourner there,
Was bowed beneath her first despair.

The first, ah! none can ever know
That agony again—

When youth's own force is on the blow,
Its keenness in the pain."

We know nothing in poetry more exquisite than the whole revelation of Amenaide's first unconscious and immediately hopeless passion. Its tenderness, its feminine delicacy, and yet its warmth and devotedness, are delineated with wonderful effect. In her own words the forlorn girl sings:—

"I had no other love to share,
That which was thine—and thine alone;
A few sad thoughts it had to spare
For those beneath the funeral stone.

But every living hope was thine,
Affection with my being grew;

Thy heart was as a home and shrine,
Familiar, and yet sacred too.

How often have I watched the spot
On which thy step had only moved;
My memory remembers not
The hour when thou wert not beloved."

We shall not sail to Cyprus with the expedition, attended by Amenaïde in the disguise of a Moorish page, nor tell of Leoni's warlike exploits and triumph. It will be sufficient for our purpose to select a few of the gems from a composition redolent of poesy and genius in every part, wherewith to conclude our slight notice of its claims to the public admiration.

Youth:—

"Youth is too eager, forth it flings
Itself upon exulting wings,
Which seek the heaven they ask too near—
One wild flight ends the bright career;
With broken wing and darkened eye,
Earth claims again its own to die."

Morning to the wearied:—

"Many a head that down had lain,
Impatient with its twelve hours' pain,
And wishing that the bed it prest,
Were, as the grave's, a long last rest,
Has sprung again at morning's call,
Forgiving, or forgetting all,
Lighting the weary weight of thought
With colours from the day-break brought,
Reading new promise in the sky,
And hearing hope, the lark on high."

The peacock recalls some of her own girlish recollections to the author; and after a very natural drawing of the scene, she says:—

"Where'er I see that bird, brings
A world of long-forgotten things—
Romantic fancies, boldly planned,
For childhood is a fairy land,
And scorns to work by common means
The fair woof of its future scenes;
Hopes which, like dew-drops o'er the plain,
The very sunshine turns to rain;
Affections long since past away—
But this is vain—on with my lay."

Love at first sight:—

"Oh! sweet and sudden fire that springs
With but a look to light its wings;
How false to say thou needest time
The bright ascent of hope to climb;
A star thou art, that may not be
Reckoned by dull astronomy!"

The feelings of a warrior on the eve of rushing into battle:—

"By heaven! it is a glorious thing
Upon the gallant steed to spring,
With white plume dancing o'er the crest,
With spur on heel, and spear in rest,
And sword impatient of its light,
A sun that reddens into night.
To feel the energy of strife,
The life that is so much of life,
The pulse's quickened beat—the eye,
Whose dark light kindles to defy.
By heaven! it is a glorious pride
To lead the stormy battle tide."

We conclude with the Dirge upon Amenaïde, who loses her life in saving that of her idolised Leoni:—

"They laid her where earliest flowers were bending,
With lives like her own life, so fair and so frail;
They laid her where showers of sweet leaves were descending,
Like tears when the branches were stirred by the gale.
They laid her where constant the south winds awaken
An echo that dwells in that lone myrtle-grove,
That the place of her rest might be never forsaken
By murmurs of sorrow, and murmurs of love.
They raised the white marble, a shrine for her slumbers,
Whose memories remain, when the summers depart;
There a lute was engraven, and more than its numbers,
The strings that were broken appealed to the heart.
The bride brought her wreath of the orange-flowers
Hither,
And cast the sweet buds from her tresses of gold;
Like her in their earliest beauty to wither,
Like her in their sunshine of hope to grow cold.
The wild winds and waters together bewailing,
Perpetual mourners lamented her doom;
Still saddest amid nature's sounds is prevailing,
Ah! what is all nature but one general tomb?
But vainly the spring's gentle children were dying,
And the tears of the morning amid the long grass,
And vain, vainer still was the human heart's sighing,
That one so beloved, and so lovely, should pass.
The grave is an altar, whereon the heart proffers
Its feverish pleasures, its troubles, its woes;
Stern, silent, and cold, the dark sanctuary proffers
Its gloomy return of unbroken repose."

How much of the sorrow that life may inherit,
That early departure to slumber will save;
The hope that drags onward the world weary spirit,
Rests but when its fever is quenched in the grave.

Weep not for the dead with a fruitless recalling,
Their soul on the wings of the morning hath fled;
Mourn rather for those whom yet life is enthraling,
Ah! weep for the living—weep not for the dead."

We will not stop to point out some verbal inaccuracies, as well as some careless escapes in style, which a slight revival can correct; but ask if the Age of Poetry be gone, and if there are not yet thousands of hearts which will glow and melt at the *Vow of the Peacock*?

A number of L. E. L.'s minor productions, now collected together, occupy more than two-thirds of this delightful volume; and what will probably still further and greatly improve its attractions, a very pretty and interesting portrait of the fair writer herself adorns it.

The Chronicles of Waltham. By the Author of "The Subaltern," "The Country Curate," &c. 3 vols. Lond. 1835. Bentley.

THIS is a striking book, not only for the talent it displays, but for the originality of its plan, which differs from any thing we remember to have met with; combining, as it does, tales of apparently absolute facts,* with deductions of the highest utility upon the most important questions affecting the condition of the population of our country. The leading feature which has riveted our minds to the work, is the series of vivid delineations of the state and character of the various classes of society in an English country parish, wrought into stories of such lively interest, that we cannot but feel persuaded that much of them belongs rather to real history than to fiction. There is a great deal which could only be written from actual observation by one who is no common observer; and who has power, by the simple and manly vigour of his narrative, to communicate to the minds of his readers the same powerful impressions that were made upon his own.

A short notice at the beginning of the first volume introduces the views of the author in that natural and unaffected style which characterises the whole work.

"Nothing could be easier than to inform the reading public, that the narratives interwoven in the following volumes were discovered by me in an old chest, or compiled by a deceased friend; and that I only attended to his dying request when I sent them to the press. The time for using such a device has however gone by, and I therefore believe that it is best to state frankly and fairly in the outset, that the Tales themselves are to be regarded as nothing more than a vehicle by means of which I have judged it expedient to describe, partly, scenes which to a certain extent passed under my own observation, partly my own opinions with reference to points on which all men will and do form judgments for themselves. Whether my philosophy be sound or otherwise, it is not for me to determine. I believe, however, at least I earnestly hope, that it will not be found to teach any lesson which shall so much as serve, in the most remote de-

* We ought perhaps to offer an exception against a Kent yeoman, having made his fortune as a generalissimo to an African king. It reminds us of Mr. Mug, carver and turner from Saffron Hill, in George Colman's *Africans*, who sings (*vide John Liston passim*),

"But, strange to remark the vicissitudes of fate,
I'm his great Mandingo majesty's first minister of state;
For long hours waiting petitioners shall stay,
And wish me at the devil as I hold my levee day.
Singing." &c.

or something of the sort. Overy, too, is rather an accomplished villain for a rural village.

gree, to run counter to the duties which the different classes of society owe to one another, and which all owe alike to their country and their God."

The first story is called "The Farm of Forty Acres." It commences with a very beautiful description of a village in Kent, and thus proceeds:

"After the preceding description of the place, it is scarcely necessary to add, that Waltham is not, nor ever was, what is called a manufacturing village. As it will be seen by and by, an attempt was once made to render it such, but it failed; and now the only loom of which the place can boast, stands in the work-house; and the only species of fabric which its inhabitants can bring into the market is coarse towelling and hop bags: for, like the parish of which it is the centre, Waltham is strictly agricultural; all its little internal commerce consisting in the formation and sale of such articles as labouring people, whether farmers or farm servants, require in the prosecution of their calling. With respect, again, to its society, that may be described in a few words. There is no hospitable manor-house either in the village or immediately contiguous to it. About a mile and a half removed stands, to be sure, an old Elizabethan mansion, neglected, however, and falling rapidly to decay; while another abuts upon the church itself, though in a still more ruinous condition. But the former contains only a couple of servants, a gardener and a gamekeeper, with their wives and families; while the latter, originally a portion of a convent of Black Friars, has, for these last fifty years, been entirely shut up. The aristocracy of Waltham consists, therefore, of the Rev. Hugh Jacobson, perpetual curate—an incumbent happy in possessing a professional revenue of ninety pounds a year; a Mr. Holtum, the apothecary, a gentleman quiet in his manners, industrious in his calling, the master of very considerable reading, and a large and harassing practice; of Mr. Dods, the lessee of the great tithes under Sir Marmaduke Littlebourne, the lay improprator; and of Mr. Sankey, the principal tenant and steward of Lord Brambling. These, with one or two families besides, which, occupying farm-houses in the immediate vicinity, have been accustomed, from time to time, to meet over a social cup of tea, and, on great occasions, at dinner, long constituted, and, to a certain extent, still constitute, the select society at Waltham. But the harmony that used to prevail among them is not quite so perfect as it once was."

The events which led to this change are connected from the first chronicle to the last, viz. "The Rival Systems," through intermediate narratives entitled "The Village Oracle," "The Overseer," "The Overseer's Daughter," and "The Man of many Names," of which the "Village Oracle," though necessary to the rest, is the least interesting, the "Man of many Names" the most various, and the "Rival Systems" the most practically instructive. There is, however, throughout the whole great humanity, good sense, and truth in the pictures of the state of society produced by the changes in the habits and mode of life of the different orders in the agricultural districts. But when our chronicler comes to individual characters and history, the frightful debasement of the simple and sterling virtues of country life, which has ensued from these changes, is still more forcibly depicted. We extract the account of the tragical fate of Amos, once the prosperous and active farmer and overseer of

the parish station in admirab hold and The scene "As the dull Amos order traveller about the become which h the top clouds; time in sort of v say that's Occasion into his the sea, bore on was favo from th that fac Ratler remarks he had window was the his men which s to be o lead Ra placed h Nothing vance o sea; sil was pre army; kept to alone c carry th the me ditches by brid to disc easy m with th they pe broke i the colu of marc that A looked of whic impedi the be irregular hill and excellen people turn to Windin mounta position fifty ye down i whispe utmost If the vance t through action inced the con they o the dec arrang

the parish, when fallen from his respectable station in society, and, after a course of conduct, admirably delineated, he at last becomes the bold and daring leader of a band of smugglers. The scene is laid in Romney Marsh.

"As he pursued his solitary way through the dull and monotonous flat of the Marsh, Amos looked anxiously about him, partly in order to ascertain whether he were the sole traveller abroad, partly because he was anxious about the night, of which the appearance had become of late threatening. The clear blue which had over-canopied him as he gazed from the top of the Downs was now obscured with clouds; while the wind, moaning from time to time in short sharp gusts, indicated exactly the sort of weather of which the seaman is apt to say that he don't know in what it will end. Occasionally, also, a few drops of rain drove into his face, indicating, as he looked towards the sea, that the breeze, be it stiff or gentle, bore on shore, and, a necessary consequence, was favourable for any vessel whose course lay from the opposite coast. The knowledge of that fact caused Amos to quicken his pace. Rattler threw out his legs nobly; and in a remarkably short space of time the light which he had ordered to be displayed in an upper window of the Compasses became visible. All was then plain sailing. He rode up and found his men assembled, ordered silence in a tone which sufficiently indicated his determination to be obeyed, and desiring a trusty person to lead Rattler to a given point, dismounted, and placed himself on foot at the head of the gang. Nothing could be more orderly than the advance of that body of smugglers towards the sea; silence was preserved as perfect as ever was preserved by the rear-guard of a retreating army; and each man knowing his own place, kept to it with a regularity which discipline alone can ensure. Not long did their route carry them along the high-road; striking into the meadows, they passed the broad, deep ditches which divide them one from the other, by bridges composed of single narrow planks, to discover which in open day would be no easy matter for persons partially acquainted with the localities. And to see with what skill they performed that manœuvre! how the files broke into rank entire, and then halted, after the column had crossed, in order that the line of march might be formed anew! No wonder that Amos should have felt proud when he looked back upon the band of determined men of which he was the leader. But these natural impediments were at length surmounted, and the beach lay before them. It was wide and irregular in its surface—flat here, broken into hill and dale there; affording, by such means, excellent cover for ambuscades; and never had people traversed it who knew better how to turn to account the advantages which it offered. Winding round the bases of these miniature mountains of shingle, Amos led his people to a position where, being within a hundred and fifty yards of high-water mark, they could lie down in comparative security; and there, by a whisper which passed from file to file with the utmost caution, they received orders to halt. If the discipline of the gang during the advance thus far deserved unqualified commendation, their behaviour during the tedious hour throughout which they waited for the signal of action was not less admirable. Their chief had indeed taken care, during his conference with the constables, to give his instructions so that they could not be mistaken: the exact spot for the decoy-light was specified, and every other arrangement made which the circumstances of

the case seemed to require. But neither skill in the leader, nor discipline among those that follow, is sufficient to control wind and tide, both of which, in such operations as that now in process of accomplishment, are very important agents. Still, nothing could exceed the patience of all engaged, among whom not a murmur was heard, notwithstanding that the night grew more threatening as it wore apace, and wind and rain equally beat upon them. 'What can be the occasion of all this delay?' whispered one of the constables to Amos: 'it is close upon midnight.' Amos was going to answer; but ere the first word could escape his lips, a blue light was burned at sea, and the signal passed quietly from rank to rank to look out. The blue light flickered, wavered, streamed up, and expired. In an instant a flash from the point indicated by Amos to his signal-man answered it, and for a quarter of an hour all remained quiet. Meanwhile the gale, having freshened considerably, caused the sea to break with considerable violence on the beach, and the roar of waters became every instant more and more alarming. 'Tis an unlucky night,' whispered one of his lieutenants to Amos; 'I wish they may be able to get over the surf.' 'They must try, anyhow,' replied the captain; 'and the sooner they do so now the better. Up with the rockets there!' Whiz, whiz, went a couple of sky-rockets, at the interval of perhaps a second from one another; and whiz, whiz, went those from the boat in reply. 'She has drifted, by heavens!' exclaimed several voices at once; 'she has gone to leeward terribly, and is now well opposite the decoy!' 'No matter, lads,' cried Amos aloud; 'now's your time—you haven't a moment to lose!' Up sprang the company, with ropes, hooks, and all sorts of implements ready in their hands, and rushed forward. As they hurried along the shore, the outline of a lugger became every instant more perceptible, bounding over the water with the speed of a race-horse. Now she rode upon the dark deep sea; now she rose upon the crest of a wave; now she was among the breakers; and now, with a fierce hissing noise, her keel seemed to scrape the shingle—she reeled, rocked, bent forward, was uplifted again upon a mass of breakers, and sprang high upon the beach. Still she was within water-mark; for the spray broke over her gunwale in every direction, and her stern appeared with difficulty to resist the pressure of the tide. But neither Amos nor his men paused to watch the result: in three minutes the fighters were scattered in skirmishing order along two lines, in the interval between which the workers made ready to ply their tasks, the foremost penetrating without hesitation up to their waists in the spray, and holding on by the edges of the lugger, to hinder themselves from being borne out to sea. 'Now, my boys, now,' cried Amos, 'give way, give way, or the cursed blockaders will be upon us, and we may lose all!' Amos threw out this inducement to increased vigilance not without cause. Scarcely was the vessel grounded, ere flash went a pistol about a hundred yards from the scene of action; and well were those who saw it aware that it would soon draw thither ample reinforcements. The exertions of the smugglers were therefore more than human; but they availed not: before half the cargo had been run, the dark figures of men were seen hastening towards them, and a voice almost immediately called upon them in the king's name to surrender. 'Stand off, and be—d—d!' answered Amos, 'or take the consequence.' But the coast-guard did not stand off;

on the contrary, they continued to advance, and Amos gave the word 'Fire!' Six guns were immediately discharged, and one of the coast-guard dropped. But his companions, instead of being intimidated, seemed only to have their fury increased by the event: they answered the fire with a volley of carbines, and rushed on to close quarters. The coast-blockade amounted in all to only eight persons; but they were well armed, led on by gallant officers, and knew that the law was on their side. The smugglers outnumbered them five to one; yet the consciousness that they fought with a halter round their necks seemed to unman them, and their very multitude caused confusion. Amos alone seemed cool and collected: he took no direct part in the fray—that is, he neither discharged a pistol nor struck a sword-stroke—but, animating the combatants from time to time, directed his chief attention to the workers. These sedulously plied their tasks during the whole of the skirmish, and had carried off a larger portion of the goods, when a second body of the coast-blockade falling upon them from the rear, threw all into the utmost dismay. Both fighters and workers now broke and fled. It was to no purpose that Amos, by voice and gesture, strove to detain them; they either heard him not, or hearing, paid no regard to him; and when, casting aside his great-coat, he ran among the press, and seizing one after another by the collar, commanded them to rally, they extricated themselves from his grasp and ran the faster. A panic had fallen upon the whole gang. They threw from them bales of goods, casks, boxes—everything that threatened in any way to incommode them in their flight; and, without so much as pausing to ascertain by what amount of force they were followed, plunged into the marshes and dispersed. Maddened with rage, disappointment, and vexation, Amos heaped upon his recreant band every epithet of reproach or scorn to which his lips could give utterance. His next consideration was how to dispose of himself; for by this time he stood literally alone against a host of enemies. Brave he unquestionably was, but not insane; and so, perceiving how vain resistance would be, he likewise passed the first plank, and made for the marshes. His pursuers, however, were at his heels. It seemed also as if they had been acquainted with the situation of that bridge, at all events; for before he had traversed half the meadow that lay beyond, they were close in his track. Forward he ran, therefore, with redoubled speed, expecting every moment to be saluted with a volley of musketry; but none came. He reached the second ditch, which was both deep and wide, but reached it where no plank spanned it. He dashed to his right, fancying that he saw the heap of rushes beneath which it lay; but his memory had failed him. No bridge was there; while every instant the pursuers gained upon him, till their very footsteps on the turf caught his ear. 'Surrender, you miscreant!' shouted a voice of which, even in his present perilous situation, he thought that the tones were familiar to him. But he did not surrender. Another rush to the right—then a few paces backwards—then a race to the front, and a desperate leap carried him clear to the opposite side. Bang, bang, went a couple of carbines on the instant, the balls from which whistled past his ear; but he sustained no wound, while the same voice, in a clear and a sonorous accent, prohibited a repetition of the fire. Amos, fancying himself comparatively safe, looked back; he saw some single

object carried rapidly through the air, and was not long left in doubt as to the cause of the phenomenon;—a solitary enemy had cleared the ditch by the same process that he had followed, and now sprang towards him. Amos was very brave; yet, hunted as he had been like a beast of prey, and alive to the disadvantages of his present situation, he would have willingly avoided another struggle, into which his pursuer seemed eager to force him. He continued his flight, therefore; but had compassed but a small space ere he discovered that the individual behind far surpassed him in speed of foot. His steps became more and more audible every instant—now his very breath was heard—and now a hand laid roughly on his shoulder convinced him that escape by flight was impossible. He shook off his adversary's grasp, and facing about, drew his sword and prepared to defend himself. The other hung back for an instant. 'I told you we should meet after supper,' said he, in a tone which there was no possibility of mistaking; 'and now I advise you to lay down your arms, and take your chance of mercy; for a prisoner you shall be this night, with a whole skin or a broken, just as you yourself may prefer.' 'Is it you, most insolent?' cried Amos. 'Thank God, I have you at last in the very situation which of all others I most longed for! You shall not force your company again on those that don't desire it.' 'Do you see how easily I might settle this matter if I chose?' replied the stranger, presenting a pistol at Amos as he was about to spring upon him. 'But it is not your life I want—it is your person. So there, we are on equal terms, at all events.' As he said this, the officer threw his pistol on the ground and unsheathed a broadsword. It was dark, yet not so pitchy as to hinder each from observing the flash of the other's weapon as they closed in deadly and desperate strife. Both were strong, both active, both full of courage: youth and address were, however, on the side of the stranger, and they prevailed. After exchanging several cuts and thrusts without effect, the sword of his adversary passed through Amos's body, and he fell to the ground.

The whole history of the mode and means of smuggling which follows is extremely curious, and, we daresay, in the main quite true, though it states that eminent and most respectable first rate mercantile houses in London are at the head and in the heart of "the concern." But we must not dilate upon these extracts, which, though too few and too short to do justice to the author, must serve to afford our readers some imperfect notion of the merits of this work.

The author describes himself, not unbecomingly, by his anonymous title of Author of "The Country Curate." We observe from the advertisements this modesty is not shared with the worthy publisher, who, knowing the value of Mr. Gleig's name, takes care that there shall be no concealment, where, we presume, none can be intended by that gentleman himself, whose identity with "The Country Curate" has been long well known to the world. But we think Mr. Bentley right; for, deservedly popular as the series of stories by the Country Curate has been, Mr. Gleig has here taken higher and more interesting ground.

His contrast between the agriculturist and the operative (as mechanics are now styled), and his account of a workhouse in the concluding chronicle, are particularly deserving of attention; and of yet more, his view of the Rival Systems, which these descriptions illustrate. Above all, we would point to his admi-

nable recommendation of the practice of agricultural allotment; of which our journal has ever been the warmest advocate; of which everything we have seen and heard in England, Scotland, and Ireland, only impresses us with a better opinion and firmer conviction of its beneficial consequences; and of which all we shall now say is, "where has it failed to spread comfort and good feeling?"

Rotuli Litterarum Patentium in Turri Londinensi, asservati accuranti Thomæ Duffus Hardy, S.S.A. & Soc. Int. Templ. Lond. Vol. I. Pars I. Ab Anno MCCI. ad Annum MCCXVI. Fol. 1835. Record Commission. Pp. 200.

WE have not often had the fortune to meet with a work so full of interesting and unused historical matter as the present volume—so abounding in curious notices of the public transactions, and of the manners and prejudices, and opinions, during one of the most important reigns of our history—at once so creditable to our Record Commission itself and to the accomplished editor under whose care it has been produced. The comprehensive nature of the title of letters patent during this and the following reign—the first roll is of the 3d of John, from which time, with the exception of five, up to the present day, they are all preserved—gives occasion for information and allusions of the most miscellaneous kind. We will give a few extracts, illustrative of some of the multifarious matters treated of in the present volume; premising that it is enriched by a most valuable and interesting preface, and by most complete and well-arranged indices. Nor must we forget, what we are sure every one must consider as a most valuable appendage, the tabular Itinerary of King John: setting forth at one view the place where he was resting every day of his troublous and unsettled reign, which Mr. Hardy has compiled evidently with vast labour and care. We would willingly see such tables of all our earlier reigns, for they are of infinite value to the historian in overthrowing or confirming the statements of contemporary chroniclers, and in establishing the authenticity or spuriousness of the royal instruments on which he must rely.

The first letter we shall quote is dated from Montfort, and is addressed to the mayor and barons of London. We know from the historians of those days to what cruel persecutions from the populace the Jews of England were subjected during the reigns of Richard and John:—

"The king to the mayor and barons of London, &c.—We have always loved you much, and have caused your rights and liberties to be well observed; hence we infer that you especially love us, and voluntarily desire to do those things which tend to our honour, and to the peace and tranquillity of our kingdom. But, when you know that the Jews are under our special protection, we, indeed, marvel that you have allowed mischief to be done to the Jews dwelling in the City of London, such being manifestly against the peace and tranquillity of our realm; and we are so much the more astonished and concerned thereat, because the other Jews throughout England, wheresoever they dwell, excepting those in your city, are in perfect peace. Nor do we notice this on account of the Jews only, but also for our own quiet, because if we had granted our protection to a dog, it ought to be inviolably observed. Henceforth, however, we commit the Jews dwelling in London to your custody; and if any one shall attempt to harm them, you may always

defend and assist them; for, in future, at your hands will we require their blood, if perchance, by your default, any evil happen to them, which Heaven forbid; for we know well that things of this sort do occur through the foolish people of the town, and not through the discreet, by whom the folly of the foolish ought to be restrained. Witness ourself at Montfort, on the 29th day of July."

This was in the 5th year of John's reign, A. D. 1203. Three years later, among many most curious royal orders, we find the following, shewing at what a high rate people of those days prized the lamprey as a delicacy of the table:—

"The king, &c. to his sheriffs and burgesses of Gloucester, and to all other his faithful subjects. Know ye, that it is ordained by our command, and by the advice of our barons, that every year, when lampreys are first caught, they shall not be sold for more than two shillings each, until after February, when they are to be sold at a lower price. We therefore prohibit you, under pain of forfeiture and amercement, from acting herein contrary to our commandment. Witness Geoffrey Fitz Peter, Justiciary of England, at Reading, on the twelfth day of January, in the 8th year of our reign."

More than one notice shews us how much the English marbles were in request at this period. In the seventh year of John we find the following patent letter:—

"The king, &c. to all bailiffs of sea-ports, and other his faithful subjects of England, who shall see these letters, greeting.—Know ye, that we have given license to the abbot and canons of Sori, that they may carry away English marble, wherewith to build their church. They are not, however, to take away from our kingdom any thing more than victuals for the sailors of their ship necessary for their present voyage. Witness, &c."

The notices constantly occurring which relate to our navy are also extremely curious; but we might go on making extracts without end. The mutilation of ears was so common a punishment for felony in this reign, that it was not unusual for those who had lost their ears by accident, to procure royal certificates that it was in their case no mark of disgrace. The following is an instance, from the roll of 1203:—

"The king, &c. to all, &c.—Know ye, that Robert, son of Robert the mercer, lost his ear at Chateau-neuf-sur-Sart, in our service, and not on account of felony. And this we certify to you, that you may know it. Witness ourself at Montfort, the 23d day of July."

The following letter shews that, in 1214, the trial by ordeal was still practised:—

"The king to Peter, Lord Bishop of Winchester, &c.—We command you, that if Eudo de Iselkam, who, having been formerly arraigned for the death of William Coc, and afterwards purified therefrom by the ordeal of water, but being then unable to procure pledges, abjured the land of England, can now find security for his good conduct, ye take from him such security, and grant him our firm peace thereupon. And in testimony hereof, &c. Witness ourself at St. Jean d'Angely, the 20th of August, in the 16th year of our reign."

We quote the following letters of A. D. 1207, as shewing, among others, how little settled government then existed in Ireland.

"The king to his beloved and faithful the barons and knights of Meath, greeting.—We return you many thanks for the fealty and allegiance you preserved to us, when contention had arisen between Walter de Lascy, your lord, and our justiciary, concerning our City of

Limerick, to having same to you to giance; dishonour long as you also ticiary acting; give en self at I and kni
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 de Las Richard Prender Clabille reford, Meath, informa patent, paring, assize in time of appoint assent which y without Ireland precept, been ta comma are ma Offaly. order, I that, or into our Witnes April, b liam Br
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l'amerie, which we delivered to William de Bracome, to keep during our pleasure, and for your having done all in your power to dissuade your same lord from evil doing. And we now pray you to persevere in the same fealty and allegiance; for we will not lightly suffer injury or dishonour to be brought upon our justiciary, so long as he shall be in our service. We pray you also, for love of us, that you assist our justiciary in fortifying our City of Dublin; so acting in this that we may the more willingly give ear to your just petitions. Witness ourself at Rockingham, the 21st day of February.

The same form was addressed to the barons and knights of Leinster.

“The king to Walter de Lascy, greeting.—We inform you that ye may come to us in security, to stand your trial, and to right yourself in our court, &c. [Dated 14th April.]

“The king, &c. to Walter de Lascy, Hugh de Lascy, Robert de Lascy, William Petit, Richard de Tuit, Adam de Hereford, Philip de Prendergast, William, baron of Nass, John de Chahille, Maurice de London, Thomas de Hereford, and the other barons of Leinster and Meath, greeting.—We wonder much at the information you have sent us by your letters patent, from which it seems that you are preparing, without our orders, to create a new assize in our land; a thing unheard of in the time of our ancestors and in our own; viz., to appoint a new assize in any land without the assent of the prince of that land; for that which you seek is a thing unjust and hitherto without precedent, viz., that our Justiciary of Ireland should restore to any man, without our precept, any thing that, by our precept, had been taken into our hands. Wherefore we command you to desist from the exaction you are making from our justiciary respecting Offaly. And it is our will that, without our order, he be not responsible to any one for that, or any tenement which has been taken into our hands by our command. * * *

Witness ourself at Doncaster, the 23d day of April, before Walter the Chancellor and William Briwer.”

We leave this book with regret—had we room, we would have extracted more of its contents. The Commission would do well if, instead of squandering its money in foreign agents, from which it gains nothing, and in private tracts, from which, if possible, it gains less, it would spend more in the publication of the documents we have at home. The Record Commission has done much good, and is doing good; but still there are many circumstances in its proceedings which require putting to rights, and we are rejoiced by the prospect of their being brought speedily before the House of Commons. We hope that an exact account of the items of its expenditure will be demanded. There will be found no reason to complain of the gross sum expended—indeed, those who work for the Commission are, with one or two exceptions, very ill paid, and still worse treated. They earn much more than their wages. Above all, we hope that the Commissioners will themselves look that those who are labouring in the cause of the Commission be not placed at the caprice of individuals. We could point out not a few instances of flagrant injustice; and we know that at least two-thirds of those who work under the Commission are extremely dissatisfied.

Mr. Hardy has done much for the Commission, and he has done it well. The Commissioners have placed in his hands several extensive and valuable publications; and we regret much that, apparently by some of that

caprice to which we have alluded, these works should be for a moment suspended. A folio volume of the Charter Rolls, with one or two other volumes of equal value, are nearly ready for publication, under his care: and, in the mean time, we may look for several valuable publications of the Commission by other editors. That important work, the new and enlarged edition of Rhymer's *Federa*, which has been so long in the course of publication, and which, under the old Commission, was so ill executed, is now placed under the care of Mr. Joseph Stevenson, a gentleman in every way well qualified for the task; and we rejoice to hear that the Commission has also intrusted to him another work of much interest, the publication of the letters under the Privy Seal.

Memoirs of the Life of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, Shropshire, formerly M.P. for Shrewsbury, High Sheriff of Salop, &c. &c. By Nimrod. With numerous Illustrations by Alken. 8vo. Pp. 110. Lond. 1835. R. Ackermann.

NOT to adorn a tale, but to point a moral, may this extraordinary piece of biography be read—and be read with advantage by almost every young man in the country. It is not necessary to be of birth and estate to profit by the lesson; every one in his own place may, more or less, apply it to his course of life and direction of conduct. It was only three weeks ago (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 976, first review) that we had occasion to remark how much Cornwall and Wales might pride themselves on the sons to whom they had given birth—the one on her Exmouth, the other on her Picton. These rose from the ordinary ranks of society, to enhance the blaze of splendour which encircles the crowned head of Britannia, and brightly augment the rays of naval and military glory that beam from her brow. Their names are inscribed upon the roll of her heroes, and their memory will only pass away with the history of her existence as a nation. What a melancholy contrast is furnished by the subject of this memoir! John Mytton, heir to an immense fortune, gifted by nature with a mind susceptible of noble cultivation, and a body endowed with admirable physical powers—the world was all before him where to choose his useful and eminent station. Every good was in his grasp; every earthly means of self-enjoyment—and, above all, the blessed privilege of being able to scatter happiness around him throughout a wide and smiling sphere. To mar such bounties of Providence was difficult; but he completely accomplished the task, and died in a gaol at the age of thirty-eight, a worn-out debauchee and drivelling sot.

And how was this done? will be a question suggested to every reasonable man; how could so much of evil be concentrated within so brief a space—so much of misery produced? One word—a word dreadfully misused—explains the mystery.—Mr. Mytton was a *SPORTING* character!! Sporting!—within a few years he *sported* away several fine estates; he *sported* above half a million of money to die a prisoner and a beggar; he *sported* down an iron constitution to perish a poor drunkard, of feeble step and watery eye; he *sported* off a sound understanding and a classical education, to be the dupe of swindlers and the forsaken of all decent society; he *sported* his life without tasting one real pleasure; unproductive of good to others, a curse to his connexions, and a worthless burthen to himself.

We will take Nimrod in hand, to exhibit some of the steps in this wretched race; the

narrative having originally appeared in the *New Sporting Magazine*, and under the guise of friendship, too—as if *sporting* men ever had a friend who would not pick their pockets, or combine with blacklegs to betray and cheat them. Truly, perhaps a partial loss of the latter sort would be more tolerable than the utter loss of reputation under the infliction of a friendly pen, as in the present instance, which has so cruelly forgotten the poet's pious advice,

“Nor drew his frailties from their dread abode.”

We care not to record the date of birth, the wilfulness of boyhood, or the juvenile follies of Mr. Mytton. On retiring from the army and settling on his splendid estate of Halston, the race-course, hunting, gaming, drinking, &c. were pursued with a wild and restless avidity, which in a better cause must have led to beneficial results. But as they were:

“He would sometimes strip to his shirt to follow wild-fowl in hard weather, and once actually laid himself down on the snow in his shirt only to await their arrival at dusk. But Dame Nature took offence at this, and chastised him rather severely for his daring. On one occasion, however, he out-heroded Herod, for he followed some ducks ‘*in puris naturalibus*’—anglicè, stark-naked—on the ice,* and escaped

“He had the stomach of an ostrich before it was debilitated by wine, and even against that it stood nearly proof to the last, but it appears he once met with his match. Himself and a friend left London together with eighteen pounds of filbert-nuts in his carriage, and they devoured them all before they arrived at Halston. To use his own words, they sat up to their knees in nut-shells. But it was often alarming to witness the quantity of dry nuts he would eat, with the quantity of port wine which he would drink; and on my once telling him at his own table that the ill-assorted mixture caused the death of a schoolfellow of mine, he carried a dish of filberts into the drawing-room with him, for the purpose of ‘clearing decks,’ as he said. Among other peculiarities, he never carried a pocket-handkerchief, for he never had occasion to use one; he very rarely wore gloves, for his hands were never cold; and although he never wore a watch, he always knew the hour.

“Some of his escapes, indeed, border closely on the miraculous, but it would fill a volume were I to enumerate them. How often has he been run away with by horses, in gigs! How often struggling in deep water, without being able to swim! How was it that he did not get torn to pieces in the countless street-broils in which he was engaged;† and lastly, how did he avoid being shot in a duel? The latter question is soon answered—he *never fought one*. In fact, he was always considered somewhat of a man of license in society; and although no one doubted his standing fire, if called upon, it is my firm persuasion nothing would have induced him to have aimed at a man to destroy him. In the saddle, too, he ran prodigious risks for his life, not only by riding at apparently impracticable fences, with hounds, but in falling from his horses when intoxicated. For the former of these acts he was for many years

* “This occurred at Woodhouse, the seat of his uncle, who related the story to me in London, the circumstance having occurred since I last visited Shropshire.

with perfect impunity.

† “In the literal sense of the term, he was once nearly divided into two John Myttons, at a race-meeting in Lancashire, for which offence—as well as an attempt to rob him—one man was transported. One party of thieves wanted to pull him into a house and the other out of it; so between both he was near being quartered, and nothing but the great strength of his frame saved him.”

so notorious, that it was a common answer to the question—whether a certain sort of fence could be leaped, or whether any man would attempt it?—that it would do for Mytton. He once actually galloped at full speed over a rabbit-warren to try whether or not his horse would fall, which of course he did, and rolled over him. This perfect contempt of danger was truly characteristic of himself; but, not content with the possession of it, he endeavoured to impart it to his friends. As he was one day driving one of them in a gig, who expressed a strong regard for his neck, with a hint that he considered it in some danger, Mytton addressed him thus:—‘Was you ever much hurt then, by being upset in a gig?’ ‘No, thank God,’ said his companion, for I never was upset in one.’ ‘What!’ replied Mytton—‘never upset in a gig? What a d—d slow fellow you must have been all your life!’ and, running his off wheel up the bank, over they both went, fortunately without either being much injured!

“On an occasion he was told that the late George Underhill, the celebrated Shropshire horse-dealer, was in his house, on his road from Chester fair. Sending for him into his dining-room, he made him excessively drunk, and put him to bed with two bulldogs and a bear! He once rode this bear into his drawing-room, in full hunting costume. The animal carried him very quietly for a certain time; but on being pricked by the spur he bit his rider through the calf of his leg, inflicting a severe wound.

“As we were eating some supper one night in the coffee-room of the hotel at Chester, during the race week, a gentleman, who was a stranger to us all, was standing with his back to the fire, talking very loudly, having drunk too much wine. ‘I’ll stop him,’ said Mytton; and getting behind him unperceived, put a red-hot coal into his coat pocket.

“The worst feature in poor Mytton’s disposition, and what may be termed the reigning error of his life, was, not only that he would not how to reproof, much less kiss the rod, but he would suffer no man either to counsel or advise him.

“He always considered advice an impeachment of his understanding, generally exclaiming to those who offered it—‘What the d—l is the use of my having a head on my shoulders, if I am obliged to make use of yours?’”

How well his own head answered its duty of counsellor may be gathered from the author’s statement, that he had “a sort of destroying spirit that appeared to run a muck at fortune. By a rough computation, and a knowledge of the property he sold, I should set down the sum total expended, at very little less than half a million sterling within the last fifteen years. Will it (he adds) be credited that he paid one bill of £1500 to a London game dealer, for pheasants and foxes alone! . . . There was that about him which resembled the restlessness of the hyena: and whether in the pursuit of his pastimes, or the gratification of his passions, there was an unsteadiness throughout which evidently shewed, that, beyond the excitement of the passing moment, nothing afforded him sterling pleasure.”

The abuse which we often perceive in religious and instructive publications, or, we may more correctly say, in publications purporting or intending to convey instruction and instil religious principles, of ascribing events to special providential interferences, could not be more pointedly satirised than in the following passage in the volume before us.

“That John Mytton (says Nimrod) saw his thirty-eighth year cannot be attributed to the good genius that accompanied him, but to the signal interposition of Providence, for scarcely a day passed over his head in which he did not put his life to the hazard.”

Only repurpose the extracts we have selected, and imagine the “signal interposition of Providence” exercised to prevent an accident to the perpetrator of such idiotical acts and atrocities. It is worth a sermon of the school which travesties the wisdom, ridicules the justice, and insults the greatness of Providence, by its silly application to the almighty divine First Cause, of things which are allowed to happen, and do happen, in the ordinary train of human affairs, as ordered by the Immortal and Omniscient.

For Mytton, perhaps the best that can be said is, that he was insane, mad. If all men are to a certain degree so affected, his share was only wonderfully large in proportion. And he assisted it cordially. “The nearly constant state of intoxication which he was in, was, I could perceive, become somewhat insufferable to his oldest friends. . . . Many of his acts were not the acts of John Mytton, but of a man mad, half by nature, and half by wine. . . . He shaved with a bottle of it on his toilet; he worked steadily at it throughout the day, by a glass or two at a time, and at least a bottle with his luncheon; and the after dinner and after supper work—not leaving sight of it in the billiard-room—completed the Herculean task. . . . Mr. Mytton and his friend sallied forth to a ‘finish,’ and somewhere about midnight returned again to the hotel, and now comes the climax. And this was the manner in which it was performed: ‘D—n this hiccup,’ said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into bed; ‘but I’ll frighten it away!’ so seizing a lighted candle, applied it to the tail of his shirt, and—it being a cotton one—he was instantly enveloped in flames. Now, how was his life saved? is the next question that might be asked. Why, by the active exertions of his London customer, and of another stout and intrepid young man who was in the room, who jointly threw him down on the ground and tore his shirt from his body, piecemeal. Then, here comes again John Mytton! ‘The hiccup is gone, by—,’ said he, and reeled, naked, into his bed.” This frolic nearly cost him his worthless life, and he endured months of pain and peril from the condition in which the ineffectual flame had left him.

But we will have done with the pranks of this human paradox, and as

“To all an example, to no one a pattern.”

shew him at various periods of his career.

He was born to about ten thousand pounds a year, and on attaining his majority, had from sixty to a hundred thousand pounds in ready money.

“On the 21st of May, (says a Shrewsbury Paper) 1818, at St. George’s Hanover-square, by the Rev. William Douglas, Prebend of Westminster, John Mytton, of Halston, in this county, Esq., to Harriet Emma Jones, eldest daughter of the late Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart., of Stanley-hall, in this county, and sister to the present Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart. The bridegroom was attended by the Earl of Uxbridge, the Earl of Denbigh, Sir W. Williams Wynne, Bart., and Colonel Sir Edward Kerri-son, &c. &c. After the ceremony, they returned to the house of Lady Jones, in New Norfolk-street, where a most elegant breakfast was provided; and from thence the happy couple immediately left London for the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim. Among the company present, were the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Caroline Churchill, Sir John and Lady Dashwood and Miss Dashwood, Sir Edward and Lady Kerri-son, Lord and Lady Say and Sele and Miss Twleton, General and Mrs. Gascoyne and Miss Gascoyne, the Marquis of

Blandford and Lord Charles Churchill, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Leigh, Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Patton Bold and the Misses Bold, and many other persons of distinction.”

On his estate “nothing need be better than the shooting at Halston—every species of game having abundant, as the following facts will prove. The average annual slaughter was—twelve hundred brace of pheasants; from fifteen hundred to two thousand hares; partridges out of number! There was also a good deal of wild-fowl, and very excellent fishing. Mr. Mytton always made a point of killing fifty brace of partridges the first day, with his own gun, and I was once at Halston when he killed that number further on in the season. A neighbouring gentleman had betted him fifty guineas against the performance; but paid forfeit over night. This, however, did not satisfy the Squire. His fame as a shot was called in question, so he went forth with his keepers and performed the task in about six hours!

“And how did he die?—As he appeared to live—in dread of nothing human or divine? Certainly not; although it may, tauntingly, be said, he trusted to the delusive support of a death-bed repentance.”

He died in the King’s Bench, and his remains received a pompous funeral.

“Four Trumpeters of the North Shropshire Cavalry, Thirty-two Members of the Cavalry.

A Standard of the Regiment covered with Crape.

Forty-two Members of the Cavalry.

Two Mourning Coaches and Four, with the Pall-Bearers.

The Hearse, drawn by Four Horses, with THE BODY.

In a Coffin covered with Black Velvet, with massive Handles richly ornamented,

and a host of carriages, besides a train of horsemen, and the ringing of mourning bells throughout the whole day at Oswestry, Ellesmere, Whittingham, Halston, Shrewsbury, where he had lain in gaol, under the charge of a gaoler whom he had himself appointed!

Sic transit Sporting Mundi.

We have abstained from any notice of the ladies whom Mr. Mytton married—their lots were unhappily cast. It is pleasant to think that a considerable entailed estate has been preserved for his son.

The prints with which the book is embellished are curiosities in the sporting line, and will no doubt recommend it to congenial spirits.

Friendship’s Offering, and Winter’s Wreath;

a Christmas and New Year’s Present for

1836. 12mo. pp. 382. London, 1835. Smith and Co.

We may consider this as the first of the regular perennial Annuals which has blossomed; and we are well pleased to see that, for variety and beauty, it is at least equal, if not superior, to the bloom of former years. A very feeling Preface by its new cultivator, Mr. W. H. Harrison (whose own productions have given popularity to his name, which is well conserved by his contributions to this volume), offers tribute to the memory of his predecessors in the same garden, Mr. Thomas Pringle, and Mr. H. D. Inglis; which does honour to them and to himself. He then spreads before us the miscellany of the year, to compose which the efforts of many distinguished writers have been called into combination. When we mention (in the order which they occur) the author of “Truckleborough Hall,” T. Miller,* G. P. R. James, L. E. L., H. Brandreth, the Author of “Sketches of Corfu,” the Author of “Charley,” Barry Cornwall (recognised under the initials B. C.), T. K. Hervey, Mrs. Norton, the late Mr. Inglis, Dr. James Johnson, Delta, Dr. Taylor, Miss Agnes Strickland, and Douglas

* We venture to put a note upon this name. Thomas Miller is a working basket-maker, and the author of “Songs of the Sea-Nymphs,” a production of great merit. We are not prone to make poetical prodigies out of individuals of this class, which is generally over enthusiastic in the patron and ultimately injurious to the protégé; but we would direct attention to Mr. Miller’s pieces, inserted in this publication, as possessing, in particular, high descriptive powers, and often exhibiting touches distinguished by originality and genius. And should the reference not induce more critical or cynical readers to take up his cause as a Poet, we can safely say that they will have no cause to be disappointed if they do so as a Basket-Maker—an extremely useful character at all times, and important, under certain circumstances, as the old fable witnesseth.—Ed. L. G.

Jerrold, we fancy we have given a list which will speak for the probable attractions of this *Winter's Wreath*.

And we fear we must, at any rate for this week, be content with little more than this list; for we have not room to discuss the details in prose and verse. We shall only say, that the verse appears to us to be of a higher quality than the prose, though the latter is amusing and interesting enough for the class of periodical literature of which it now forms a part. The tale of the "Countess" is, however, too long. We select two poems with different names, but running upon similar trains of thought, which we think eminently entitled to eulogy.

"The Voyage of Life."

By G. P. R. James.

I wish I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good company,
On some gay voyage sent.
There Youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
Nor time be ever spent:
And Fancy whistled for the wind;
And if e'en Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
And gladness wave her hand;
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear,
To spread more sail and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear
Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength, tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billows' roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set,
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lack-a-day! was all unfit
To guide the boat aright.

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ,
Hope she believed, she played with Joy,
And Passion bribed her with a toy,
To steer which way she chose.
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared;
But Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
Backward her glance still bent
To where, upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light, from a sun none now could see,
Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the bow,
Turns off,—she sees the shore,—to vow,
Judgment, grown older now I trow,
Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says, the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent.
Oh, that I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good company,
On some gay voyage sent!"

"The Land of Dreams."

By T. K. Hervey.

The world—the dreary world of dreams
Why must the spirit tread
All night, beside its moaning streams,
And alleys of the dead?—
Must he, who rises to grieve,
Lie down again to weep?
—Oh! for the long and quiet eve
Which brings the heavy sleep,
That lays the faint and aching head,
At length upon a dreamless bed!
And yet, in youth, how beautiful
Was that enchanted land!
What matchless flowers I used to cull
Within its haunted strand!
What gorgeous visions spread the wing
Amid its twilight shades;
And, oh! what shapes went, beckoning,
Along its moon-lit glades!
The dewy showers and silver gleams
That sweetened all the land of dreams!
Alas, the world of rest! it takes
Too much the day-world's part,—
Alike—to him who sleeps or wakes—
The shews it brings the heart;

Still, as the waking eye grows dim,
The dreaming gathers gloom,—
But sleep has not a ghost for him
Whose world has not a tomb:

The shadows of life's outer sky
Make darkness for the dreamer's eye!
The land of dreams!—how sad it is
Upon that silent shore,

To meet the eye whose glance, in this,
Shall meet me never more!
Ah! why must midnight's grief or fear
Replace the day's despair?
Or they who went, to grieve me, here,
Come back, to grieve me there;
Or voices fill mine eyes with tears,
Whose silence has been wept for years?

The land of dreams—the phantom-land!
Where all things are in vain,—
What is it but the wildest strand
Of memory's widest domain?
Beyond the drowsy sea of sleep
That unmapped region lies,

Where thousand shadows cross and creep
Beneath the sunless skies;
And sounds—all echoes—make its air
More dreary far than silence were!

And, oh! its dark and spectral shades,
That chill us with their glooms!
Its paths that open moonlight glades,
To bring us up to tombs!

Sad—very sad it is to stray
Within the land of dreams,
Where long, dim vistas stretch away
To far and viewless streams,
Which send a murmur to the ears,
That makes the pillow wet with tears!

And then the mournful things we meet!
("Twas scarce more sad to part!)
Low sighs that—oh! how sweet!—
Fall cold upon the heart;

Dim, wasted forms—on earth, how bright!
Faint tones of other years;
And smiles that, in their own pale light,
Are sadder far than tears!
And friends that vainly stretch the hand,
To clasp us in the dreaming land!

And yet, upon that shadowy coast
One blessed spot is flung—
Oh! early gained and early lost—
The dream-land of the young.

There Childhood comes, who sails to seek,
At first, the phantom-shore;
But eyes that weeping hath made weak
May find it never more;
The mist that dims life's waking view
Shuts out those happy valleys too!

Oh, blessed youth!—when Fancy's art
Paints, all in colours brave,
Her landscapes on the waking heart,
And each without a grave!
For such, the dream-land—earth and air—
Is full of gladness yet;

No desert hath it of despair
Nor valley of regret;
But singing birds and singing streams
Make musical the land of dreams.
Lost Eden of the world of dreams!—
Mine—mine in better years!—
I see no more to trace thy streams
Because of mine own tears.

My soul hath lost its early glances,—
My bark is laden deep,
And painfully and slow it sails
Unto the shores of sleep,—
A weary course—from boyhood's far—
And steering by a darkened star.

And so, I touch the dreaming land
Upon its wildest shore,
A dreary sea and dreary strand,—
The spirit's Labrador:
Oh! never more its flowery heights
Stand out, to meet mine eyes;
And most of all youth's guiding lights
Have fallen from the skies;

And Hope, that was my pilot then,
Will never sail with me again!
The world of dreams!—there is a sleep,
(Oh! for that sleeping sea!)
A dark, and still, and stormless deep,
That leads no more to thee;—
Beyond its waters spreads the strand
That holds the loved and lost,
The all of which the dreaming-land
Can only shew the ghost!

How beautiful should be its light
To eyes long used to weep!—
Why tarrieth the long, dim night,
To bring the slumber deep,
Which lays the worn and weary head,
At length, upon a dreamless bed?"

If Mr. Hervey had bestowed a little more pains upon polishing this poem, we hardly know two of its kind in the English language which could be deemed more imaginative, yet

natural and affecting. We ought, in fairness to our Basket-maker-bard, to afford some specimen of his powers in "weaving the graceful line;" but we can only afford space for a few touches. His description of an old holy fountain in a silvan scene is fine.

"It looks so old, and gray, with moss besprent,
And carven imagery, grotesque or quaint;
Eagles and lions are with dragons blent;
And cross-winged Cherub; while o'er all a Saint
Blends grimly down with frozen blown-back hair,
And on the dancing spray its dead eyes ever stare.

"There lovely forms in elder times were seen,
And snowy kirtles waved between the trees;
And light feet swept along the velvet green,
And the rude anthem rose upon the breeze;
When round the margin England's early daughters
Worshipped the rough-hewn saint, that yet bends o'er
the waters.

"But they are gone—and ages have pass'd by,—
The inland misal will be seen no more,
And beauteous forms, and many a radiant eye
That flashed with joy and hope in days of yore,
Is darkened now, all stilled their bosom-throes,
While that old fountain's stream through the deep
forest flows."

"Ellen Gray" is a pathetic ballad by the same; her funeral is replete with tender sympathies:—

"They passed the may-pole—but not thoughtless by,—
The last year's garlands hung all withered there;
They had no colours then to catch the eye,
Yet many an eye gazed on them through a tear:
Blossom, and bud, and bell, and leaf, were dry,
Time's crumbling hand had left them brown and sear;
Twelve months ago they decked the Queen of May—
And who? oh! who was she? They answered, 'Ellen Gray.'

Twelve months ago, and they were blooming there
Lovely as she—then oaken bowers were seen,
And laugh, and shout, and song, rose loud and clear,
And light feet danced down the rainbow green,
And soft cloud-sounding music soothed the ear;
And smiles were showered upon their beauteous queen,
And young and old did willing homage pay,
Before the flowery throne, graced by fair Ellen Gray.

They reached the church! the aisle looked dim and cold,
The columns' dreary shadows longer grew;
The old gray roof had never seemed so old;
The full-cheeked angels stood as if they blew
Their stony trumpets, and the dull bell tolled
In sadder tones; the deep-stained window threw
A dying splendour round; the echoes lay
Silent and mute as death, listening for Ellen Gray.

The earth felt hollow on her coffin lid:
Who hath not felt that? The funeral bell
Brought not such wailing woe as that sound did:
It was, indeed, th' eternal long farewell:
The grave's last darkness; age and name were hid,
And on the mould the tears in silence fell.

Just then a blackbird's song rose loud and gay,
And brought back to our ears the voice of Ellen Gray."

But we will not be beguiled further by Mr. Miller's muse: it would be too bad to allow a basket-maker to get us into a wrong box!

L'Envoi—the Friendship's Offering is quite worthy of its name this year, and may well serve to fulfil the office of a pleasing and kind remembrancer where friends love to give tokens to each other.

THE LOSELEY MANUSCRIPTS.

[Second notice.]

THE extract which follows these few lines extends to such length, and belongs to a matter at once so curious and so unfitted for division into two of our weekly Numbers, that we shall only introduce it to our readers as a very remarkable picture of the earliest of English lotteries, respecting which the public has to this time had little or no information of any kind.

"*Lotteries in the Reign of Elizabeth.*—The following papers (says Mr. Kempe) give the particulars of 'a very rich Lottery General of money, plate, and certain sorts of merchandise, erected by her Majesty's order,' A.D. 1567. The greatest and most excellent prize, it will be seen, was estimated at 5000*l.*, of which 3000*l.* was to be paid to the lucky adventurer in ready money,

700l. in plate, 'gilt and white,' and the remainder in 'good tapisserie meet for hangings, and other covertures, and certain sorts of good linen cloth.' The lots, amounting in number to four hundred thousand, were somewhat tardily disposed of, and the lottery appears not to have been read, as the phrase then was, until the 11th of January, 1568-9,* when the reading took place in a building erected for the purpose at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral, and continued, day and night, until the 6th of the following May. The price of the lots was 10s. each; the lots were occasionally subdivided, for the accommodation of the purchasers, into halves and quarters, and, it appears from one of the printed reports extant, were apportioned into shares still more minute, although it is not easy precisely to determine what the subdivisions were. The objects propounded for the profits of this lottery were, the repair of the harbours and fortifications of the kingdom, and other public works. Great pains, it will be seen, was taken to 'provoke the people' to adventure their money in this voluntary mode of taxation, which to the majority it must have eventually proved. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London were made, jointly with her majesty, responsible for the faithful fulfilment of the conditions of the lottery to the public; and a document, intitled, 'The ende taken by the Lord Mayor of London in the affayre of the Lottery,' states that he, with all his brethren (the Aldermen), repairing to the house of the Lottery, adventured among them to the number of a thousand lots; that all the city companies, as the Mercers, Drapers, Haberdashers, &c. did the like, and that this was general throughout the whole city. That every man privately adventured what he thought good. Several of the small parishes and hamlets nigh to London, especially in Middlesex, adventured in companies, every man putting into the lottery according to his ability, some one lott or mo, some half a lott, some iis. vid., some xliid., some lild., some liid., or more or less, according to their haviours and power, and the same put into the lottery under one posye, in the name of the hole parishes. These mottoes, devices, or games were publicly proclaimed at the drawing, whence came the term in use at the time, 'leading the lottery.' We have not met with any lotteries on record before the time of Queen Elizabeth, when they appear to have become a common mode of raising money for the purposes of the State. The documents at Loseley are, perhaps, the only original illustrations extant of the lotteries of that period. In 1585, the Chronicles make mention of 'a lottery for marvellous and beautiful armour, begun to be drawn in Paul's Churchyard, at the great west gate, in a house of timber and board, there erected for that purpose, on St. Peter and St. Paul's day.' We suspect, from the nature of the prizes here mentioned, that lotteries were introduced at an earlier period, and in the age which may distinctively be accounted as the chivalrous. Lotteries were known in the classic ages. Those of Augustus, Nero, and Elagabalus are recorded. The latter contrived, like the modern designers of lottery schemes, that his lotteries should be 'all prizes without any blanks'; but when one individual gained six slaves, and another six flies; one a vase of costly material and workmanship, and another a pipkin of common earthenware; the holders of the inferior prizes, as in later times, had

little reason to congratulate themselves that they were not to be denominated as blanks.

"A 'Chart' of the Lottery of the year 1567" is engraved as a frontispiece to this volume. "This is esteemed (says Mr. K.) by bibliographical judges to be an unique specimen; it is printed in a well-formed black letter character with an admixture (for the heads and some clauses of distinction) of text and italics. The bill is five feet in length by nineteen inches in breadth, surrounded by a neat border of ornamental types. It has at the top an impression of a boldly cut wood block, twenty inches deep, representing the Royal Arms, the City of London, St. Paul's Cathedral with its lofty spire, the river, and the sun effulgent. Underneath are the articles of plate, money, and tapestry, curiously displayed in several compartments, probably as they were to be seen in Cheapside, London, at the sign of the Queen's Majesty's Arms, in the house of Master Derick, Goldsmith, her servant.

"A verie rich Lotterie Generall, without any blanks, containing a great number of good prices, as wel of redy money as of plate, and certaine sorts of marchandizes, having ben valued and priced by the comaundement of the Queenes most excellent majestie, by men expert and skiffull; and the same Lotterie is erected by hir majesties order, to the intent that suche commoditie as may chaunce to arise thereof, after the charges borne, may be converted towards the reparation of the havens and strength of the Realme, and towards such other publike good workes. The number of lots shall be foure hundred thousand, and no more; and every lot shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterling onely, and no more.

"Three Welcomes.

"The first person to whome any lot shal happen shal have for his welcome (bysides the advantage of his adventure), the value of fiftie poundes sterling, in a piece of sylver plate gilte.

"The second to whome any lot shall happen, shall have in like case for his welcome (bysides his adventure) the summe of thirtie poundes, in a piece of plate gilte.

"The third to whom any price shall happen, shall have for his welcome, besides his adventure, the value of twentie poundes, in a piece of plate gilte.

"The Prices.

"Whosoever shall winne the greatest and most excellent price, shall receive the value of five thousand poundes sterling; that is to say, three thousand poundes in ready money, seven hundred poundes in plate, gilt and white, and the rest in good tapisserie meete for hangings, and other covertures, and certain sortes of good linen cloth.

2d 'great price' 3500*l.*, i. e. 3000*l.* in money, 600*l.* in plate, the rest in good tapisserie, &c. as above.
3d. 3000*l.*, i. e. 1500*l.* in money, 500*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
4th. 2000*l.*, i. e. 1000*l.* in money, 400*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
5th. 1500*l.*, i. e. 750*l.* in money, 300*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
6th. 1000*l.*, i. e. 500*l.* in money, 200*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
7th. 700*l.*, i. e. 400*l.* in money, 100*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
8th. 500*l.*, i. e. 250*l.* in money, 100*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
9th. 400*l.*, i. e. 250*l.* in money, 100*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
10th. 300*l.*, i. e. 200*l.* in money, 50*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
11th. 250*l.*, i. e. 150*l.* in money, 50*l.* in plate, the rest, &c.
12th. 200*l.*, i. e. 150*l.* in money, the rest in good tapisserie and linen cloth.

13th. 140*l.*, i. e. 100*l.* in money, 40*l.* in plate, tapisserie, or linen cloth.
12 prices, every price of the value of 100*l.*, that is to say, 3 score and 10*l.* ready money, and 30*l.* in plate, tapisserie, or linen cloth.

20 and 4 prices, every price of 50*l.*, 30*l.* in ready money, 20*l.* in plate, tapisserie, &c. as above.
3 score prices of 4 and 20*l.* and 10*l.* (24*l.* 10*l.*) 17*l.* in ready money, and 7*l.* 10*l.* in plate, &c.
4 score and 10 prices, every price of 22*l.* 10*l.*, i. e. 15*l.* in money, 7*l.* 10*l.* in plate, &c.

One hundredth and 14 of 18*l.*, i. e. 12*l.* in money, 6*l.* 5*l.* in plate, gilt and white.

120 prices of 12*l.* 10*l.*, i. e. 7*l.* 10*l.* in money, 3*l.* in like plate.

150 prices of 8*l.*, i. e. 5*l.* in money, 3*l.* in linen cloth.

"We have taken the liberty to abbreviate the original document in detailing the prizes, only in substituting numerals for words at length, and in omitting the repetition of the mere words of form to be found in the leading clause."

200 prices of 6*l.* 10*l.*, i. e. 4*l.* in money, 50*l.* in linen cloth, 300 prices of 4*l.* 10*l.*, i. e. 50*l.* in money, 40*l.* in linen cloth, &c.

500 prices of 3*l.* 10*l.*, i. e. 40*l.* in money, 30*l.* in linen cloth, &c.

500 prices of 50*l.* in money.

2000 prices of 40*l.* in plate.

6000 prices of 25*l.* in money.

10,000 prices of 15*l.* in money.

9418 prices of 14*l.* in money.

And all the rest, to the accomplishing of the aforesaid number of lottes, shall be allowed for every adventure at the least 2 shills and six pence in ready money.

"Conditions ordained for the advantage of the Adventurers in this Lotterie, besides the Prices before mentioned in the Charte.

"The Queenes Majestie, of hir power royall, giveth libertie to all manner of persons that will adventure any money in this Lotterie, to resort to the places underwritten, and to abyde and depart from the same in manner and forme following; that is to say, to the Cite of London, at any time within the space of one month next following the feast of S. Bartholomew this present year 1567, and there to remain seven days. And to these cities and towns following: York, Norwich, Excester, Lincolne, Coventrie, Southampton, Hull, Bristol, Newcastle, Chester, Ipswich, Sarisbury, Oxforde, Cambridge, and Shrewsbury, in the Realme of Englande, and Dublyn and Waterforde in the Realme of Irelande, at any time within the space of three weekes next after the publication of this Lotterie in every of the sayd severall places, and there to remaine also seven whole days, without any molestation or arrest of them for any manner of offence, saving treason, murder, pyracie, or any other felonie, or for breach of hir Majesties peace, during the time of their coming, abiding, or retourne. And that every person adventuring their money in this Lotterie may have the like libertie in coming and departing to and from the Cite of London, during all the time of the reading of the same Lotterie, untill their last adventure be to them answered. Also, that whosoever under one devise, prose or poesie, shall adventure to the number of thirtie lottes and upward, within three monethes next following after the said feast of Saint Bartholomew, and by the hazarde of the prices contained in this Lotterie gaine not the thirde pennie of so much as they shall have adventured, the same thirde pennie, or so much as wanteth of the same, shall be allowed unto them in a yearly pension, to begin from the day when the reading of the sayd Lotterie shall ende, and to continue yearly during their life. Whosoever shall gaine the best second and third great prices, having not put in the posies whereunto the sayd prices shall be answerable into the Lotterie within three moneths next after the said feast of Saint Bartholomew, shall have abated and taken out of the summe of money contained in the said best price, one hundredth and fiftie poundes, and of the said second price one hundredth poundes, and out of the said third price foure score poundes, to be given to any towne corporate or haven, or to any other place, for any good and desirable use, as the parties shall name or appoint in writing. And whosoever shall gaine a hundredth poundes or upward in any price, saving the three severall best prices next afore mentioned, having not put in his lots, whereby he shall gaine any such price, within three moneths next following the said feast of Saint Bartholomew, shall have abated and deducted (as above is sayd) out of every hundred poundes five poundes, to be employed as is next before sayd. Whosoever having put in thirtie lottes under one devise or posie, within the said three moneths, shall winne the last lot of all, if before that lot wonne he have not gained so much as hath

* "In these old documents it is hardly necessary to observe that the year is always calculated to commence on the 25th of March."

ben by him put in, shall for his taryng and yll fortune be comforted with the reward of two hundred poundes, and for every lot that he shall have put in besydes the sayd thirty lots, he shall have twentie shillings sterlyng. And whosoever having put in xxx lots under one devise or posie, within the sayd three moneths, shal win the last lot save one, and have not gained so much as he hath put in, shal likewise be comforted for his long tarrying with the reward of c poundes, and for every lot that he shal have put in above xxx shal receive ten shillings sterlyng. Item, whosoever shall adventure from fortie lottes upward, under one devise or posie, shall have libertie to lay downe the one halfe in readie money, and give in bond for the other halfe to the Commissioner that in that behalfe shal be appointed to have the charge for that citie or towne where the partie shal thinke good to pay his money, with condition to pay in the same money, for the which they shal be bound, six weekes at the least before the day appointed for the reading of the lotterie, upon payn to forfeite the money payde, and the benefit of any price. Which day of reading shal begyn within the Citie of London the xxv day of June next coming. And in case it shall fortune the same day of the reading to be prolonged upon any urgent needful cause to a further day, the parties having adventured and put their money into the lotterie, shall be allowed for the same after the rate of ten in the hundred from the day of the prorogation of the sayd readyng untill the very day of the first reading of the lotterie. Item, every person to whome, in the time of reading, any price shall happen and be due, the same price shal be delivered unto him the next day following, to dispose of the same at his pleasure, without that he shall be compelled to tary for the same until the ende of the reading. And, being a straunger borne, he shal have libertie to convert the same, being money, into wares, to be by him transported into foraine parts, paying only half custome for the same and other duties that otherwise he should answer therefore. Whosoever at the time of the reading shall have three of his owne posies or devises, comming together successively and immediately one after another, the same having put in the sayd three posies within three moneths (as before), shall have for the same posies or devises so comming together one after another, three poundes sterlyng over and besides the price answerable therfore. And whosoever at the time of the reading shall have four posies or devises comming together successively and immediately one after another, having put in his sayd posies within three moneths (as before mentioned), shall have for the sayd four posies and devises six poundes sterlyng, besides the prices. And who soever at the time of the reading shall have five posies or devises comming together successively and immediately one after another, having put in his lottes within three moneths (as before), shall have for the sayd five posies or devises ten poundes sterlyng, besides the prices. And who soever shall have the like adventure six times together, having put in his lots as afore, shal have for those six posies or devises xxv poundes sterlyng, and the prices. And who soever shall have the like adventure seven times together, having put in his lots as afore, shal have for those seven posies or devises a hundred poundes sterlyng, and the prices. And whosoever shall have the like adventure eight times together, having put in his lots as afore, shal have for those eight two hundred poundes sterlyng, and the prices. And so the posies or devises re-

sorting together by increase of number, he to whom they shal happen in that sorte, having put in his money, as afore is said, shal have for every tyme of increase one hundred poundes sterlyng, and the prices. The receipt and collection of this present Lotterie shall endure for the rest of the Realme besides London, until the xvth day of April next coming, which shal be in the yere 1568. And the receipt and collection of the City of London shal continue unto the first day of May next following; at which dayes, or before, all the collectors shal bring in their bookes of the collection of lottes to such as shal be appointed to receive their accomptes, upon paine, if they do faile so to do, to lose the profite and wages appointed to them for their travell in that behalfe. Finally, it is to be understood that hir Majestie and the Citie of London will answer to all and singular persons having adventured their money in this Lotterie, to observe all the articles and conditions contained in the same from point to point invariably. The shewe of the prices and rewardes above mentioned shall be set up to be seene in Cheapsyde in London, at the signe of the Queen's Majestie's arms, in the house of M. Dericke, goldsmith, servant to the Queene's most excellent Majestie.

God save the Queen.

Imprinted at London, in Paternoster Rowe, by Henrie Bynnenman, anno 1567.

"Prises drawn in the Lotterie, from xvi to the xxvi day of February."

We omit a curious proclamation of the queen relative to the chart, another by the lord mayor, for drawing the lotterie, and other papers connected therewith, in order to give

"Extracts from a book thus intitled, consisting of nineteen leaves, each leaf containing on its upper side four columns, printed in the black letter, enumerating the different devises or posies,* the names of the persons, &c. whose ventures they represented, the numbers of the lots, and the amount of the prizes, which, it will be observed from the annexed specimens, was for the greater part very insignificant. This list we consider to have belonged to the Lotterie of 1567, drawn 1568-9. See p. 186.

As salt by kind gives things their savour,

So hap doth hit where fate doth favour.

Per John Harding of London, salter, 453s.—7s. 6d.

Thinke and thanke God. M. (Master) Roger Martin, Lorde Mayor of the Citie of London, for Mercers' Company, 319,346.—1s. 3d.

If Fortune be froward my Angell is gone,

But if Fortune be frowly with encrease it cometh home.

Alice Crewe, London, 368,233.—1s. 3d.

First learne, then discerne. Jo. Fitz, Tavestock, 309,751.—1s. 2d.

Cast the grapple over the bote,

If God wil, for the great lot.

Byrne, Nich. Martin, free of the Companie of Merchantes of Exon, 18, 236.—5s.

I would be content with a hundred pounde,

In my purse it would give a sound.

Per Thomas Chamberlayne, Horsted Teynes, Sussex, 1129.—1s. 2d.

The spread eagle spread,

Hopeth for a good lot to be red.

A. and C. Hilliard, Lon. 372,949.—1s. 2d.

Video et taceo. 392,656.—1s. 3d.

My pose (posy) is small,

But a good lot may fall.

Per John Burnell, Whitson, 81,763.—1s. 3d.

Louth linct in love,

Lucky be thy lot.

Per Richard Holdernes, of Louth, 31,178.—1s. 3d.

What is a tree of cherries worth to foure in a company?

Per Tho. Laurence, Lond. 123,487.—1s. 2d.

Blow up, thou trumpet, and sound for me,

For good lucke comes here do I see.

* The word *devise* is from the French, signifying motto. *Posy* in its strict sense implies a versicle; thus Hamlet says of the lines recited by the players:—

"Is this a prologue or the *posy* of a ring?"

† "This devise is of frequent occurrence, it was probably a proverbial expression."

Peter Stob, of St. Peter's Cheape, in London, 25,086.—1s. 2d.

We put in one lott, poor maydens we be ten:

We pray God sende us a good lott, that all we may say Amen.

Per Dorothie Hawes, of Cheapside, 44,963.—1s. 2d.

In good hope, poor East Greenwich, God send us to remaine,

And of some good lott to have the gaine.

Per parish of East Greenwich, 333,390.—1s. 2d.

If a very rich prise arise should to our lot,

All that would be employed on our decayed port.

Tho. Spikernell, of Maulden, in Essex, 331,697.—2s. 1d.

We be all minstrels, and faine would speede,

Good God, in this lot do thou the deede.

Per Rich. Froth, London.—1s. 2d.

Be meeke in spirite. Per the Parish of Southgate, Kent, 333,333.—2s. 1d.

Spes mea Deus. Joh. Brome, Commissar. de Southgate, Kent, 314,344.—1s. 3d.

I have put in x shillings, God be my speed,

And he will be my helpe at time of neede.

99,953.—2s. 1d.

God blesse the white Toure of London. Thomas Rigg, London, 168,765.—1s. 2d.

Fain would I have,

Though nothing I crave.

Per Hierom May, of Plunto (Plympton) Mary, 194,111.—1s. 2d.

Armouth for a haven is a fit place,

And a haven it may be if it please the Queene's grace.

Per Willie Mallocke, of Armouth, 85,573.—3s. 4d.

As foules nudes are fedde with every right redress,

So fouler I, least fortune faile, do seeke for some success.

T. Foulter, Lon. 370,413.—2s. 1d.

Best hop have the ring. Per Bosham parish, Sussex, 236,933.—5s. 10d.

O clemens o pla. Acerto Ventelli de Luca. 238,802.—1s. 2d.

We Brewers God sende us

A good lot to mende us.

Per John Bankes, of the parish of St. Giles, 47,699.—1s. 3d.

Homo sine pecunia est quasi corpus sine anima.

Henry Draper, of Stanwell Midd. 165,163.—1s. 2d.

God send the Queene good issue. William Walahe, of Youghl, 204,673.—1s. 3d.

Hope helpeh. Tho. Lord Howard, Vicount Byndon, 5927.—2s. 1d.

Vienne gain plutost que perte,

Four tenis court ouvert.

Per Thierry de la Court. 361,890.—1s. 3d.

Like as C doth serve for cocke,

So doth it also for Charnock,

And if you do not crie cocke,

Yet shal I still remaine Charnock.

Lon. 212,196.—1s. 2d.

The twelfth great prise.

Per Richard Frennis, of Boughton, 69,136.—16s. 13s. 3d.

Aut mihi aut nulli. Per Henricum Dominum Scrope, Carlile, 205,394.—1s. 3d.

Good fortune to all those

That be workers of clothes.

Per the company of Clothworkers, London, 44,235.—2s. 1d.

To the Duchie of Lancastre, wtout Temple Barre,

If God give the lott he shall not greatly erre.

Per the Parish of Savoy, 56,922.—2s. 1d.

God send a good lot for my children and me,

Which have had twenty by one wife truly.

Per William Dorghtie de Westhalme, 199,315.—2s. 3d.

In God I hope, and a f—t for the Pope.

Per William Seintleger, of Canterbury, 280,364.—1s. 3d.

He hath put downe the mightie from their seate,

And hath exalted the humble and meeke.

Lewis Richard, senior, 210,558.—1l. 10s.

As God wil so be it. The office of the Greene Cloth,

Westm. 1839.—1s. 2d.

The chancell is in decay. Per Andrew Wotten, of Gyke Bucklande, 201,882.—1s. 2d.

I am a pore maiden and faine would marry,

And the lacke of goods is the cause that I tarry.

Per Sibbel Cleyon, 51,832.—2s. 1d.

Seeing shillings ten shall thousands win,

Why should I feare to put them in.

Per Annam Waldegrave, Buris, 343,775.—2s. 1d.

Wisdome liketh not chance. Per Thom. Wrothe, miltem, Enfeld, 10,708.—1s. 3d.

Et mihi et multis. Robert Shute, reader of Grayes Inne, 94,842.—1s. 2d.

The leaves be greene,

God save the Queene.

Per Yalley, 210,672.—1s. 2d.

Canterbury is in decay,

God helpe may.

230,064.—1s. 2d.

My sisters and I are under age,

God sende us good chance to our mariage.

By John Robinson, of Kellam, Gent. 262,562.—1s. 3d.

Give the best prise, I pray thee, good fortune,

Unto the Queene's Majesties towne of Launston.

By Thomas Hickee, Dunhede, Burges, 152,100,—1s. 3d.

The olive-tree on hill that grows,
To have a share his name here shows.

P. Oliverum Hill, Madbury, 134,379,—1s. 3d.
Of many people it hath ben said,
That Tenterden steepie Sandwich haven hath decayed.*

Per Ed. Hales, Tenterden, Kent, 40,604,—1s. 2d.

If hawk do sore and partridge springs,
Then shal we see what lucke he brings,
But if he sore and partridge flit,
Then hawk shall lose and partridge hit.

Per Aphabel Partridge, of London, goldsmith, 46,061,—1s. 3d.

God gaff God nam den naem des heren sighe benedet
Robert Leeman ende Floris alle win. Per Comp. Crock-
wint laen, London, 363,680,—4s. 2d.

God make all sure for the Armourers. Per Thomas
Tindal, London, 104,653,—1s. 2d.

Nupida nobis impados tyrogansoma turgoso totinos.
Thos. Colby, Gray's Inne, 49,027,—7s. 6d.

I looked for no more; William More, Lowsley, Surrey,
276,013,—1s. 3d.

Although I can not wel see,

Yet will I venture in the Lottery.

Per Sir Thom. Woodhouse, of Warham, 109,508,—2s. 1d.
Fortune any. Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, 345,471,—1s. 2d.

Priestes love pretie wenchies. Per Rich. Enecke, Sib-
forde, 13,569,—1s. 2d.

Veritas vincet. Jo. Tuser, of Truro, for the Clergie
of Cornwall,—341,694,—1s. 3d.

There is good ale

At St. James Chigoele.

Per John Bowsey, yoman, 102,953,—1s. 2d.

The Queenes Majestie God her preserve,

Whose pay my father hath to serve.

Th. Stafford, sonne to the Constable of Dongaruan,
206,706,—2s. 1d.

I pray God we may all amend. Jo. Raashleigh, of
Fowey, 107,277,—1s. 3d.

Sawtrej, by the way,

Now a grange, that was an abbay.

Geo. Banks, Gent. of Sawtrej, in the Coun. of Kent.
106,806,—1s. 2d.

All is well that endeth well. Per Thomas Lawley, de
Chaddesley Marches, Wales, 232,859,—1s. 3d.

Let the arrow flie.

Per Richard Fuller, of Wight, 32,923,—1s. 3d.

As God made hands before knives,

So God send a good lot to the cutler's wives.

284,721,—3s. 4d.

I was begotten in Calice and born in Kent.

God sende me a good lot to pay my rent.

Per Edward Tibbot, Sison, Grombalds Ashe, 300,725,—1s. 2d.

God save the bul of Westmerland. Robert Reeson,
Vicere of Sokborne, 146,943,—3s. 10d.

Fortuna an sorte nec utor forsan an forte. The Offices
of the Kitchen, and Members of the same, Westm.
258,155,—5s. 10d.

Out of this little Lottery, God send advancement to
Bexly. Per Parochianos de Bexly, in Com. Kanc. 360,080,—1s. 3d.

As God hath preserved me, so I trust he will reward me.
Francis Cates, Seneschal of the Queenes Countie of
Ireland, 347,714,—2s. 1d.

For the hamlet of Radcliffe.

Mariner, hoist up thy saile,

If God sende us a good lot it may us prevale.

Per Radcliffe, 51,981,—2s. 10d.

Heave after, poor Heaver, for the great Lot. Per the
parish of Heaver, Kent, 159,467,—1s. 3d.

Arthur Kempe, my father's eldest sonne,

God send me a lot though I come after none.

91,223,—1s. 3d.

Topsham is buyded upon a red rydge,

I pray God sende a good lot to maintayne the kay and
bridge.

Per John Michell, Topsham, 354,651,—1s. 2d.

Wy twee handen gherne een goet lot believeit Godt.
Anthony van Hove and Robert Harison, London, 286,984,—5s. 10d.

The head of a snake with Garlick, is good meate. Per
Thomas Watson, Cirencestr,—2s. 1d.

Hope make me venture. Per Henry Arniger, Bakons-
thorpe, 260,076,—5s.

* "The monks of Canterbury are traditionally said to
have neglected the repairs of Sandwich Haven, in order
to erect the steepie of Tenterden, on the borders of
Romney Marsh, in Kent; a story not improbable, but
which has given rise to one much more wild and easily
refuted, namely, that the building of the said steepie
occasioned, by neglect of the sea banks, the inundation
which formed the Goodwin Sands."

† "A specimen of lottery language, which might be
useful to those who pretend to the gift of the tongues."

‡ "More of Lowsley adopts a most judicious and appropriate
poey."

§ "The munificent patron of commerce and of letters."

I hope to hear the trumpet* sound,

A lot worth to me a thousand pound.

Edward Denis, Esquire, of Shewbroke, 185,370,—1s. 2d.

Draw Brightenstom a good lot,
Or else return them a turbot.

Per John Turpin, Sussex, 334,060,—1s. 3d.

One and thirty lots; God sende us a fayre day,
For the maintenance of the long bridge,

And finishing of the kaye.

Per John Dart, of Barnest. (Barnstaple), 186,625,—5s.

For the Haberdashers.

Our sum put in,
Is in hope to win.

Per C. and H. of Lon. 119,938,—3s. 4d.

Paule planteth, Apollo watereth, God giveth the in-
crease. Will. Bedle, de Evesham, 135,301,—1s. 2d.

We Cookies of London, which worke early and late,
If any thing be left God send us part.

Per Rich. Tomson, London, 268,694,—1s. 2d.

Jesus est amor meus. P. Neh. Hornesey, de Frossend,
226,954,—1s. 3d.

How so ever Saint Katherines whele shall be running,
The inhabitants therof wil come home laughing.

William Iden, S. Katherin's, 114,878,—1s. 3d.

William Wood. A poore Wood I have ben long, and
yet am like to be, if God of his grace send me the
great lot, a rich Wood shal I be. Per London, 310,669,—1s. 3d.

Gibers, Cole, and Florida

Have brought me unto great decay;

I pray to God, of his mercy and grace,
That this may take better place.

Thomas Parkins, London, 115,335,—1s. 3d.

For the town of Cambridge, in this open place,
God save the Queene and the Duke of Norfolkes grace.

Per Robert Sly, Mayor of Cambridge, 105,470,—1s. 3d.

Deus dat cui vult. Derrike Anthony, London, 115,063,—2s. 1d.

God give us good fortune. By the Maior and Burgeses
of Reading, 267,143,—5s. 10d.

Allarde Bartering—

A maid and I am of advise

To marry, if we get the great price.

50,547,—3s. 4d.

We are poore butchers and come very lagg,

And, if we have none of your lotties,

We shall be fayne to take the bottell and the bagge.

John Lawne, of London, 211,602,—1s. 3d.

From Hastings we come,

God send us good speed;

Never a poor fisher town in England,

Of ye great lot hath more need.

Per Hastings, Richard Life, 262,211,—1s. 2d.

What chance to me befall

I am content withal.

Sir George Speake, of Whitlackington, in Somersetshire,
knicht, 193,066,—5s. 10d.

The Comic Almanack for 1836. London,

Tilt.

THE masterly hand of George Cruikshank

shines throughout this amusing volume; which,

by his graphic drollery and puns, is indeed

rendered truly and abundantly comic. The outer

cover alone, with its twelve signs of the zodiac,

is enough to recommend it; but the twelve

illustrations of the months are the superior

labours of our Hercules of the Humorous Pen-
cil. These are prefaced by a Proclamation,

asserting the almanack-maker's right to be
considered as the legitimate successor of Francis

Moore, physician, as he says—

"For Francis Moore, whom we succeed,
Is very—very dead, indeed;

And none but nincompoops and fools
Let dead men push them from their stools."

It is out of our power to convey any idea of
the Month-illustrations, except by stating, that
they are in Cruikshank's best style. January,

is skating on the Serpentine, with casualties
to match; February, Transfer-day at the Bank,
with many odd kinds of transfers; April,
Greenwich Park, and rolling down the hill,—
very characteristic, as is old May-day, with its
pole, &c.; the dog-days in July represent a
history of all sorts of dogs, and all that relates
to the canine race; September, "shooting the
moon," i. e. families decamping at Michaelmas

* "From this and similar allusions, we conclude that
the greater lots were announced, on being drawn, with a
flourish of trumpets."

with their furniture in moonlight; and so on
through the twelve, which must be seen to be
fully appreciated. The (non)-enigmatical
hieroglyphic is also very clever, representing
the Lord Mayor, in consequence of corporation
reform, being carried by two fellows in a com-
mon chair to an eating-house, with "dining-
room up-stairs."

With regard to the fun of the pen, it could
not be expected to keep pace with that of the
pencil; but the writer has done his best, is
never indelicate (a rare virtue in such per-
formances), and, on the whole, whimsical and
entertaining enough.

Of this we shall try to give a few specimens.
The running commentary, called "signs of the
seasons," and carried down the sides of each
page, goes in this fashion:—

January.—"When it freezes and blows take care of
your nose that it doesn't get froze, and wrap up your toes
in warm worsted hose. At night, ere you slip into bed,
you may slip a can of good flip."

February.—"In this gay month I would not choose to
walk the streets in dancing shoes, nor would I for the
world be seen to trip along in light nankeen."

June.—"Lawyers now may take their ease, and coun-
sell reckon up their fees; for now the welcome long vaca-
tion gives a rest to litigation; while happy they on
quarter-day who're not obliged to run away!"

August.—"In Germany they rest their heads betwixt
a pair of feather-beds; a famous plan, I will be bound,
while frost and snow are on the ground; but in the dog-
days' raging heat, I shouldn't think it such a treat."

November.—"Murky, burly, damp, and drear, see this
gloomy month appear! London, fill'd with slush and fog,
looks just like an Irish bog; every trouble now seems
double, and the worst in all the year."

Of the heads of the pages, the following are
specimens:—

July.
"Dear me! how hot the weather grows—
There's scarce a breath to cool one's face;
Through Air Street not a zephyr blows,
Nor e'en a breeze from Wind-ham Place.
Down Regent Street so lazy all one sees,
There's nobody 'industrious' but 'The Fleas!'"

December Holiday.
"Holiday joys have some alloys,—
For many they're bitter pills.
When all the dearest ducks come home
From school, with their long bills,
And the noisy wait at midnight chime,
Convince you it is *Wakation time*."

The print for this month is "Boxing Day,"
full of capital hits; and its rhyming illustra-
tion may serve as an example of the whole.

"Boriana."
"I hate the very name of bor;
It fills me full of fears;
It 'minds me of the woes I've felt,
Since I was young in years."

They sent me to a Yorkshire school,
Where I had many knocks;
For there my schoolmates bor'd my ears,
Because I couldn't bor.

I pack'd my bor; I pick'd the locks;
And ran away to sea;
And very soon I learnt to bor
The compass merrily.

I came ashore—I call'd a coach,
And mounted on the bor;
The coach upset against a post,
And gave me dreadful knocks.

I soon got well; in love I fell,
And married Martha Cox;
To please her will, at fam'd Box Hill,
I took a country bor.

I had a pretty garden there,
All border'd round with bor;
But ah, alas! there liv'd next door,
A certain Captain Knox.

He took my wife to see the play;—
They had a private bor;
I jealous grew, and from that day,
I hated Captain Knox.

I sold my house,—I left my wife;
And went to Lawyer Fox,
Who tempted me to seek redress
All from a jury bor.

I went to law, whose greedy maw
Soon emptied my strong bor;
I lost my suit, and cash to boot,
All thro' that crafty Fox.

The name of bor I therefore dread,
I've had so many shocks;
They'll never end,—for when I'm dead,
They'll nail me in a bor."

A quizzical report of the proceedings of the British Association at Dublin thus notes some of our scientific doings.

"Dr. Hoaxum read an interesting paper on the conversion of moonbeams into substance, and rendering shadows permanent, both of which he had recently exemplified in the establishment of some public companies, whose prospectuses he laid upon the table.—Mr. Babbler produced his calculating machine, and its wonderful powers were tested in many ways by the audience. It supplied to Captain Sir John North an accurate computation of the distance between a quarto volume and a cheese-monger's shop; and solved a curious question as to the decimal proportions of cunning and credulity, which, worked by the rule of allegation, would produce a product of 10,000!—Professor Von Hammer described his newly discovered process for breaking stones by an algebraic fraction.

"The Rev. Mr. Groper exhibited the skin of a toad, which he discovered alive in a mass of sandstone. The animal was found engaged on its autobiography, and died of fright, on having its house so suddenly broken into, being probably of a nervous habit from passing so much time alone. Some extracts from its memoir were read, and found exceedingly interesting. Its thoughts on the 'silent system' of prison-discipline, though written in the dark, strictly agreed with those of our most enlightened political economists.

"Professor Parley exhibited his speaking machine, which distinctly articulated the words 'Repale! Repale!' to the great delight of many of the audience. The learned professor stated that he was engaged on another, for the use of his majesty's ministers, which would already say, 'My lords and gentlemen; and he doubted not, by the next meeting of parliament, would be able to pronounce the whole of the opening speech.

"Captain North exhibited some shavings of the real Pole, and a small bottle which, he asserted, contained scintillations of the aurora borealis, from which he stated he had succeeded in extracting pure gold. He announced that his nephew was preparing for a course of similar experiments, of which he expected to know the result in October. The gallant captain then favoured the company with a dissertation on phrenology, of which, he said, he had been a believer for thirty years. He stated that he had made many valuable verifications of that science on the skulls of the Esquimaux; and that, in his recent tour in quest of subscribers to his book, his great success had been mainly attributable to his phrenological skill; for that, whenever he had an opportunity of feeling for soft places in the heads of the public, he knew in a moment whether he should get a customer or not. He said that whether in the examination of ships' heads or sheep's heads—in the choice of horses or housemaids, he had found the science of pre-eminent utility."

The caricaturist, we observe, has been obliged to the *Literary Gazette* for not a few of his ideas on this and other subjects.

Of newspaper intelligence, the annexed are tastes:

"The Comet, which has been so long looked for, suddenly made its appearance here on the 5th instant, between the hours of four and five in the morning; and the servant maids were pretty particularly astonished, when they arose, to find that its tail had lighted all their fires, and boiled all their kettles for breakfast. For this piece of service they have christened it the 'tail of love.'—*American Paper.*"

"Falls of Niagara.—Congress has passed a resolution that a premium should be offered for a machine by which the Falls of Niagara might be rendered portable, to afford those persons who live at a distance the opportunity of viewing them at their own houses.—*American Paper.*"

"Accidents.—We are happy to state that there is a great diminution in the number of accidents in the past week. Only 250 persons have been drowned by steam-boats; 320 women and children burnt to death by their clothes catching fire; 560 run over by omnibuses and cabs; 252 poisoned by taking oxalic acid instead of salts; 360 scalded to death by the bursting of steam-boilers; 200 blown to atoms by the explosion of powder-mills; and about 100—there or thereabouts—stabbed by drunken soldiers, off duty: all which evinces a great increase of vigilance, carefulness, and humanity, highly creditable to all parties concerned."

We conclude with a few of the past year's "remarkable occurrences:"

"Jan. 21st.—An omnibus-cad was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having been guilty of civility to a passenger, by neglecting to bang the door against his stern, in time to throw him on his head. His lordship said such conduct was unprecedented; but as the man, in extenuation, proved that he had cried 'go on,' while another gentleman was getting off, he thought the case did not call for interference. The culprit, however, was dismissed by the Paddington committee, lest his example should contaminate the others.

"March 12th.—An elderly gentleman, crossing Fleet Street, was driven through by the *Perseverance* omnibus. He was carried into the nearest shop, and, after taking six boxes of Morison's pills, felt so little inconvenience that he expressed his determination to keep the orifice open, so as not to be an obstruction to carriages in future.

"August 4th.—On Sunday the 2d, Lord H. visited the bear-pit in the Zoological Gardens, and leaning too far over the wall, fell among the interesting animals, who were so alarmed at the sight that they were seized with convulsions, and have been in a nervous state ever since.

"17th.—An old woman was charged with selling apples on a Sunday morning. She was too poor to keep a shop, so was committed to the *Counter*. It appeared that her basket obstructed the people in their way to the Gravesend Sunday boats.

"Nov. 15.—The Society for the Protection of Animals held its yearly meeting. The report stated, that in Billingsgate their efforts had met with great success. In the following meritorious cases, the large silver medal was awarded:—To Diana Finn, for cracking the necks of a pound of eels before she skinned them; to Simon Soft, for boiling his lobsters in cold water; to Ephraim Hacket, for crimping cod with a blunted knife; and to Felix Flat, for refusing to open live oysters. In other quarters humanity was also progressing, and prizes were given to Hans Lever, for drubbing a donkey with the thin end of his cudgel, at the request of an officer of this Society; and to Nicodemus Nacks, for consenting to keep a plaster on his pony's raw, except on pleasure-parties, and other occasions requiring extra persuasion. The thanks of the Society were voted to Daniel Dozer, Esq., of New River Head, for using dead worms as a bait: and the gold medal to the same gentleman, for his practice of angling without hooking the fish. A premium was also offered by the Society for

some preparation of ox(h)ide of iron, which shall enable a bullock's back to resist a whacking."

The genuine almanack intelligence is as good as the generality; so that we may fairly say that the *utile* is mixed with the *dulce* in this composition, which, if not of the rank of wit, is well adapted to raise a laugh, and excite more than an approving smile at the artist's talents.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

J. F. STEPHENS, ESQ., F.L.S., Vice-President, in the chair.—Various donations of Entomological works were announced, including the first part of the splendid *Fauna Japonica*, by Dr. Siebold and De Haan, and thanks ordered to be returned to the various donors. A communication was read from Mr. E. Doubleday containing an account of the complete destruction of a bee-hive, by the *Galleria cecana*, a small moth, the larva of which preys upon the comb. Specimens of the moth and of the destroyed comb were exhibited. Several living sugar-cane plants, infested with the cane-fly, were also exhibited by Mr. J. C. Johnstone, by whom an account was given of the rapid and alarming progress of this small but destructive insect in the Island of Bermuda, its ravages having now extended over two-thirds of the island, and appeared also in the neighbouring islands. A variety of new and interesting species of insects were exhibited by different members; and the following memoirs were read—namely: An Account of the Internal and Comparative Anatomy of the Larva of the *Calosoma sycophanta*, by Dr. Herman Burmeister of Berlin; Notice of the various Entomological subjects brought before the German meeting of naturalists, at Bonn, communicated by Mr. Westwood. Members were elected, and certificates in favour of candidates were read: and in both classes we were gratified to see the names of foreigners of high scientific celebrity. The chairman announced that the second part of the Society's Transactions was ready for delivery.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, October 10, the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law, by Commutation.—Rev. T. Griffiths, M.A., Jesus College.

Bachelor of Arts.—Rev. W. Sinclair, St. Mary Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, October 10, the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Fennell, Queen's College; W. Mayhew, Trinity College; F. O. Smith, Christ's College.

October 14.—*Doctor in Physic*.—J. F. Bernard, Corpus Christi College.

Masters of Arts.—H. Elley, St. Peter's College; W. C. Charriere, Christ's College.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Switzerland. By William Beattie, M.D.

Parts XII. to XVI. Virtue.

THE views in these numbers continue to do the greatest credit to the designer, Mr. Bartlett, as well as to the various engravers who have transferred them to metal: they are replete with grandeur and romantic beauty. As we are unable to give a specimen of them, we will transcribe, from the 16th number, Dr. Beattie's account of a tradition, connected with the domestic fortress of the ancient Counts of Toggenburg, most "the potent signiors" of Switzerland.

"It was from a window of this castle that

the Count Fleury, in a paroxysm of jealousy, precipitated his wife, 'the beautiful Ida,' into the chasm at its base. On the finger of her page he had perceived her wedding-ring, which, having been left at an open lattice, had been carried off by a raven, and dropped at the foot of the rocks, where the servant, unconscious of its value or character, had picked it up, and, by way of security, put it on his finger. Ida, however, made a miraculous escape from the summary and unjust punishment intended for her, by laying hold of some shrubs that overhung the fearful abyss, and held her for a time suspended between life and death. After her rescue, her innocence was fully proved, and acknowledged by all. But, incapable of longer cherishing affection for a husband who, in addition to the violent death intended for herself, had caused the innocent servant to be dragged to death at the tail of a wild horse (a fact which might have suggested the story of Mazeppa), she withdrew from worldly admiration; and, ending her cloudy pilgrimage in a cell at Fischingen, left her piety as an example to all her sex, and her story as a legacy to some poet of after times. Let us hope that the subject, and its scenery—a virgin theme—may yet attract the notice of some modern troubadour, and the story of the beautiful Ida be clothed with the charms of song."

The Biblical Keepsake; 1836. Murray.

THE first series of this publication consisted entirely of the first eight numbers of Finden's Bible Illustrations: in the preface to this second series it is stated, that many of the scenes, of the representations of which it consists, were never before drawn or engraved. Our recollection does not enable us to distinguish them from those which we have already seen; and we can, therefore, justly admit, that they "will be found not inferior to those in the former series, in point of importance and general interest, for the elucidation of the Holy Scriptures." We are delighted, however, to have discovered one fault in this otherwise splendid and beautiful volume. By some perverse ingenuity or other, the tissue-paper inserted to protect the prints from injury is so firmly and curiously attached to the prints themselves, that—at least to clumsy fingers such as ours—it is a matter of great difficulty to separate them; to induce a nun to throw off the veil is nothing to it. After this severity, we trust no one will charge us with not being sufficiently bitter and malignant in our critical remarks.

Illustrations of Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not. 1836.

TEN pleasing and beautiful little plates. Our favourites are: "The Actress at the Duke's," Edwin Landseer, R.A. del., C. Rolls sculpt. Some fair young scion of a noble house in the costume of an old lady of the last or preceding century. In character, expression, effect, and execution, it is perfect. "The Shepherdess," C. Hancock pinxt., J. Goodyear sculpt. A delightful picture of pastoral life, and one of the most charming things that we have seen from Mr. Hancock's pencil. "Dance of the Peasants," R. T. Bone del., S. Davenport sculpt. Evidently a scene from "The Winter's Tale." The grouping is elegant; and the figure of Perdita, minute as it is, justifies the exclamation of Polixenes, that she

"is the prettiest low-born lass that ever Ran on the green-sward."

"Juliana," Miss Louisa Sharpe del., J. Goodyear sculpt. Like every thing that proceeds from this fair artist's pencil, full of talent and

taste. The management of the half-tint on the flesh is singularly happy. "The Confession," F. Stone del., C. Rolls sculpt. A fine contrast between the weeping culprit and the stern husband or father. The introduction of the curious waiting-maid gives the necessary repose to the expression. "Cromwell and his Daughter," W. Fisk pinxt., L. Stocks sculpt. As true a window-light effect as can be found in Terburg or Metz. Most elaborately engraved, but somewhat metallic. "Porch of Chartres Cathedral," S. Prout del., J. Carter sculpt. One of those richly treated architectural views for which Mr. Prout is so celebrated.

The Corsair's Isle; Parting of Medora and Conrad. Painted by J. D. Harding; engraved by David Lucas. F. G. Moon.

JUST such a noble print as might be expected from the united talents of two such excellent artists. Mr. Harding's skill in composition is well known; and he has in this instance most happily brought together the grand, the beautiful, and the romantic. Stately architecture, picturesque ruins, lofty and broken cliffs, light and umbrageous trees, an extensive distance, and the vast and tranquil ocean, all under the influence of tasteful design, and masterly and strongly contrasted effect, combine to produce a splendid whole; to which Mr. Lucas has done ample justice by the fidelity of his imitation, by the alternate depth and tenderness of his tones, and by the varied solidity and featheriness of his execution. Except, perhaps, as it may slightly aid the sentiment of the scene, the second part of the title of this fine print might have been advantageously omitted; for, although the "desolate" Medora is introduced, she is rendered quite subordinate to the landscape; and as for Conrad, it must be taken for granted that he is on board the little bark, with "the white sail set," which is gliding out of the haven.

DRAMA. DRURY LANE.

A FORMIDABLE list of the Drury Lane company has been promulgated in the form of play-bill; and embraces many of the highest names in tragedy, comedy, and particularly in the male department of opera. The only thing is to employ them well, and endeavour to restore the drama to some of the credit which it enjoyed, till ruined and debased by the same hands which claim the merit of upholding it. Tuesday was a meagre night of three second-rate shows,—*Gustavus, Revolt of the Harem*, and *Cavaliers and Roundheads*. On Wednesday, *Othello* was performed with a strong cast: Macready, the Moor; Mrs. Yates, a sweet *Desdemona*; Miss Ellen Tree, *Emilia*; and Vandenhoff, Cooper, Warde, and Harley, *Iago*, *Cassio*, *Brabantio*, and *Roderigo*. Macready played, if possible, better than he did when pitted with Kean; and much applause from a good house attended the play throughout. On Thursday, there were here, and elsewhere, *Hamlets*.

COVENT GARDEN

OPENED, as announced, on Monday, and with a tremendous squeeze, which rendered the galleries especially uproarious. Unused to crowding, they loudly clamoured for their money back; and, rather than not have it, would, we daresay, have taken that of the pit and boxes too. The noise fortunately prevented the anthem of "God save the king" from being heard; nor was the address delivered by Miss Taylor much

more fortunate. Of what we could judge, C. Kemble's *Hamlet* was a fine piece of acting. In short, it requires the life of an accomplished performer to read this wonderful character as it ought to be read; and Mr. Kemble is one of the few men who have so read it, and can therefore represent it as it ought to be. A very favourable impression was made upon us by young Webster in *Horatio*. He looked the part well, and performed with equal discrimination and discretion. Let him go on thus, and he will soon need no bringing forward. On Tuesday, Mr. Kemble's *Benedick* was also worthy of much praise; and the comedy was altogether well cast, and performed much better than it could be if "all the talents" were engaged at other theatres.

The Olympic.—There has long been one feature peculiarly belonging to this theatre, though now honourably participated by the Adelphi, to which, as public journalists, we feel it to be a duty to point attention: we allude to the abstinence from puffing either in the bills or through the usual channels in the newspapers. That which is a system elsewhere, without which it should seem the parties engaged in it do not think they could carry on their work of humbug and imposition, is not the practice here. The pieces performed are mainly left to their own merits. They are not proclaimed to be prodigiously successful when they have failed and are not *shelved*, when they are advertised to be attracting nightly crowds. The multitude of strangers which forms the continual human supply to the metropolis, may suffice to feed and keep alive the plan of deception for a while, but it cannot last for ever; even the countless influx to London are in time undeceived, and, ultimately, in theatrical, as well as in all other pursuits, honesty will be found to be the best policy. We visited the Olympic a few evenings since: there were the *Two Queens*, as we have expressed our opinion, a little heavy, the *Gentleman in Difficulties*, *Love in a Cottage*, and the *Beauties of Charles' Court*. Not to speak of the acting, which was excellent throughout, we cannot help remarking on the admirable appointment of the stage. Fit scenery, new-looking and beautiful decorations, and, above all, correct costume, no matter at what expense the dresses must have been ascertained and purchased, are all set before the audience without a single puff or comment. And what is the result? The ensemble gives a general pleasure, the impression is agreeable, and the stage illusion (its master charm) attracts bumper houses almost every night. Contrast this with the sound of trumpets at other theatres, whenever any thing above the worsted trumpany and old clothes' exhibition of the common run is to be produced; and even as prelude to the daubs and rags themselves. For dramas, once showy and magnificent, continue to be represented in the tatters of their former finery, looking as old and faded as the turn-out from a Jew's bag in Monmouth Street, with the same panegyrics in the play-bills; while, to make bad worse, the chief scenes of the original are frequently omitted, and the leading actors and singers, who gave them their original share of popularity, are superseded by underlings not worth seeing or hearing. The trick is, that the piece will rowl on for a season on the partial reputation acquired by puffing, the partial caring so little about the matter now-o'-days as hardly to be aware of the clippings down, and the substitution of cheap sticks for the gold-headed, and therefore golden-priced canes, which at first supported the feeble subject.

Liston, as the *Gentleman in Difficulties*, is a rich bit of humour—perhaps a little overdone; but no matter, the audience is sure to laugh at whatever he pleases to do; though his throwing the covers from the dinner-table is not so good as if he ignorantly disposed of them in some other way. Mrs. Orger's *Piminy*, we must repeat, is perfect, and the originality of her conception of the character a high proof of dramatic talent. Madame Vestris's Irish disguise in *Love in a Cottage* is another admirable piece of acting, and with Lover's excellent song of "Rory O'Moore," which she sings as excellently, is sure of enthusiastic applause. The *Sir Murphy O'Blarney* of Mr. Brougham is a very effective Irishman, and justly merits the success which has attended it.

Adelphi.—A smart and entertaining burlesque, entitled *Yellow Kids*, and taken from the French, has been added to the *Mysterious Family* at this theatre, and affords a very amusing and laughable variety to the evening's performances. The chief character, that of a dancing-master, is admirably sustained by Mr. Welster; and O. Smith, as a jealous and fire-eating ex-captain of the Lumber Troop (we believe), is a happy hit in a line differing from his usual cast. Mrs. Daly, in this as in the other piece we have mentioned, acts very cleverly; and Miss Daly, as the captain's lady, looks and talks to admiration. We ought not to omit Miss Clifford and Miss Ayres in our list of deservedly rising favourites: as for Mrs. Keeley, in the touching or the comic, nothing too flattering can be said of her. Buckstone, Hemming, and Bennett, also deserve our praise, as nightly contributors, in their respective styles, to the miscellaneous attractions of the Adelphi.

Lyceum.—On Monday the renewed season commenced with a melo-dramatic romance, called the *Muleteer's Vow*, in which Mr. John Rhodes made his *début*, and, together with Mr. Serle, Mr. Romer, Mr. Oxberry, Mr. Perkins, Miss P. Horton, Miss Richardson (a first appearance), and Miss Novello, met with a very cordial reception; as did also the piece to which their talents were zealously and ably contributed. The house was crowded, and the entertainment, together with older favourites, has been repeated nightly with similar success.

VARIETIES.

Earthquake.—A slight shock of earthquake was recently felt around Dieppe. It lasted five or six seconds, was attended by a low rumbling sound, and caused some pieces of the Cliff of St. Valéry to fall.

The Comet.—Sir James South has written to the *Times* newspaper, to say that the comet has acquired two tails. "The physical vagabond" is surely becoming a pasha!

Expedition to the Niger.—A mercantile expedition to the Niger, of which intent we heard many months ago, is, we perceive from the Glasgow newspapers, about to proceed on its destination. A quondam slave-ship, carrying out a small iron steamer, leads the way.

Newly Discovered Copper Mines.—There has lately been discovered on the property of Lord Dinorbin, in the parish of Llanvillwbo, Anglesey, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Parys and Mona mines, a very rich vein of copper. It is in many parts almost in a pure state, and much purer than even the copper coinage of 1799; consequently, a question will arise for the consideration of geologists and

others who feel pleasure in investigating these matters, whether the secondary stratum in which it is found must not, at some remote period, have been acted upon by great and powerful heat, so as to dislodge the ore from the stone, and run it in a state of fusion into the form in which it is now found. This discovery is very seasonable, as the Parys and Mona mines, which have so long been a source of immense wealth to their proprietors, and of profitable employment to many hundreds of poor families, were become nearly exhausted, at least so far as they had been explored. — *Mining Journal.*

State Paper Office.—We are gratified to learn, that the services of Mr. Robert Lemon, son of the late deputy-keeper, will still be continued in the State Paper Office; Lord John Russell having appointed him to the situation of senior clerk on that establishment. We have no doubt he will pursue the same course as his late estimable parent—so honourable to himself, and so beneficial to the literature of his country.

Theatres.—Mr. Braham has obtained the renewal of his license for the Colosseum entertainments; Mr. Rayner his for the Strand Theatre. Other parties, desirous of opening theatres in other parts of the town, have been refused.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A humorous letter from T. Hood to his publishers announces that the report was premature of his being "lost in the Hoffnung, Murphy, of and to Cuxhaven," though for the moment the commander said "he thought all hands were on their last legs." Of his own travels our comic friend says, "As to your query of 'where you can write to me?' the only certain address I could give you would be, *poste restante*, at Timbuctoo. To-day, for instance, I am at Berlin, to-morrow (figuratively) at Copenhagen, the next day at Geneva, and the day after that at Damascus. It is not unlikely, therefore, that in my search after 'fresh fields and pastures new,' I may find myself some day under the mud crust of that great dirt-pie, an African hut, surrounded by fresh fields of sand, that would new-pasture a herd of all the hour-glasses in the world. Between ourselves, I expect that this travelling will benefit my own health, and that of the Annual besides. There are three things that the public will always clamour for sooner or later; namely,—novelty, novelty, novelty; and it is well to be beforehand. I remember Grimaldi, being hissed once, at Sadler's Wells, after singing his celebrated comic song of 'Tippity-witchet,' and he appealed to the audience. 'He had nodded,' he said, 'frowned, winked, sneezed, choked, sneezed, cried, grined, grimaced, and hiccupped; he had done all that could be done by brows, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose, and mouth, and what more did they want?' 'Why, we want,' yawned a languid voice from the pit, 'we want a new feature.' At all events, we rejoice that we are to see his *Comic Annual* for 1836.

Encouraged by the great success of the cheap reissue of his modern novels, Mr. Colburn has announced a similar series of the "Life, Exile, and Conversations of Napoleon," &c. &c.

In the Press.

A Treatise on Painting, by Leonardo da Vinci; from the original Italian; with a Life of the Author, &c., by J. W. Brown, Esq.—The Wallend Miner, by James Everett, Author of "The Village Blacksmith," &c.—A new and complete edition of Juvenal's Satires, linearly translated; with Notes, &c. by Dr. P. A. Nuttall, translator of Virgil and Horace—Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love, a Novel, by J. A. St. John, Esq., Author of "Tales of the Ramadan," &c.—Land and Sea Tales, by the Author of "Tough Yarns," embellished by George Cruikshank—Cherville's First Steps to French—Walton's Calculator's Sure Guide—New System of Homoeopathic Medicine, by Mr. Brookes, Surgeon.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Heath's Picture-book Annual for 1836, containing a Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.; with 25 Engravings, after drawings by Alfred Geo. Vickers, Esq., 12. 1s. morocco; or royal 8vo. India proof, 2s. 10s. morocco.—Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. XIX., with coloured plates, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Elements of Beside Medicine and general Pathology, by J. S. Thorburn, M.D. 8vo. 14s. cloth.—The British Dissector, Part I. by M. W. Hilles, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Heart, &c. by John Marshall, M.D. 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Compendium of the Ligaments, by A. M'Nab, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Wasps of Aristophanes, with Notes, by T. Mitchell, Esq. 8vo. 10s. bds.—A Treatise on the

Liver and on the Treatment of Hepatic Disease in India, by W. E. Conwell, M.R.I.A. 8vo. 14s.—Essays, Thoughts and Reflections, and Sermons, on various Subjects, by the Rev. Henry Woodward, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Cook's Oracle, by W. Kitchiner, a new edition, fcap 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—The New Year's Gift, for 1836, fcap 8vo. 8s. 1d.—Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews, by C. W. Wall, D.D. Part I. royal 8vo. 15s. cloth.—The Book of Family Worship, new edition, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—History and Analysis of the Principal Styles of Architecture, by E. Boid, Esq. 2d edit. royal 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The English Boy at the Cape, by the Author of "Keeper's Travels," 3 vols. royal 18mo. 10s. 6d. half-bowd.—Cowper's Works, by Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Vol. I. fcap 8vo. 5s. cloth.—The Works of the Rev. Richard Watson, Vol. VII. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cloth.—The Forget-Me-Not for 1836, 12s. bound.—Cruciana, Illustrations of the Cross of Christ, by John Holland, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Providence of God Illustrated, by the Author of "History in All Ages," 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The Chronicles of Waltham, by the Author of "The Subaltern," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Etymological Geography, by F. A. Gibson, 12mo. 2s. cloth.—Conti the Discarded, with other Tales and Fancies, by H. F. Chorley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Affection's Keepsake, 1836, Original Poetry, 32mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Reveries of Fortune, a Tale for Youth, by Anne M. Sargeant, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Agricultural Labourers' Weekly Account, by W. Girling, 4to. 3s. 6d. half-bd.—Henry, or the Juvenile Traveller, a Description of a Voyage across the Atlantic, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—The New Highway Act, with Notes, by H. W. Woolrych, 12mo. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. July 1835.

| | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|-----------|
| Thermometer—Highest..... | 84° 25' | the 30th. |
| Lowest..... | 43° 00' | 14th. |
| Mean..... | 60° 29.43 | |
| Barometer—Highest..... | 29° 49 the 22d & 23d. | |
| Lowest..... | 29° 51 | 9th. |
| Mean..... | 29° 50.653 | |

Number of days of rain, 6.
Winds.—9 East—8 West—1 North—7 South—0 North-east—1 South-east—3 South-west—2 North-west.

General Observations.—Unlike the last month, the range of the barometer was extremely small; the maximum was below 29 in., in the same month, for the last five years, the minimum above those since 1827, and the mean was higher than in July 1833 and 1834. There was less rain than since 1826, and not one-sixth part of what fell in last July; the whole quantity of rain since the commencement of the year is very nearly the same as fell in the same time last year: the month was not so hot as July in last year, but, with that exception, warmer than since 1826. A thunder-storm was experienced on the 2d, which continued from 9 A.M. until nearly noon; the lightning sometimes very vivid, and about one-third of an inch of rain fell.

August.

| | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|-----------|
| Thermometer—Highest..... | 85° 50' | the 11th. |
| Lowest..... | 38° 75' | 29th. |
| Mean..... | 59° 31.854 | |
| Barometer—Highest..... | 30° 07 | the 9th. |
| Lowest..... | 29° 27 | 21st. |
| Mean..... | 29° 7.3984 | |

Number of days of rain, 4.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 0.39375.
Winds.—4 East—3 West—2 North—4 South—6 North-east—2 South-east—10 South-west—10 North-west.

General Observations.—The 11th of the month was the hottest day that has occurred in August, during the last thirty years; the maximum being higher, yet the mean temperature has been exceeded three times during that period, in the same month, and in last year it was upwards of two degrees higher. The whole quantity of rain was less than in any August in the space of time above referred to; rain fell but once between the 11th of July and the 2d of August, and many days were entirely cloudless. The barometer was higher than since 1827; the wind chiefly from the north and north-west.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * We must again repeat, for the hundredth time, that we cannot insert advertisements among our literary notices. This will account for the non-appearance of several, many, intimations.

The lines "A Bright Day for Poland," are inconsistent with our plan.

E. G.'s recommendations of the poetry sent, that it is a first effort, and from a very youthful pen, are arguments against its appearing in our columns. The verses are immature.

Many communications of Thursday and Friday morning, as well as of new publications after Wednesday afternoon (leaving us far too short a time for their adequate consideration), stand over till next week. Among these are illustrations of the *Picture-book Annual*, the *Landscape Annual* itself, *Kendall's English Boy* at the Cape, the *Romance of Ancient Egypt*, *Cruciana*, *Memoir of Mrs. Ellis*, &c. &c.

The "Ballad" wherein we are told of a widow that,
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